

G.R.N.  
PODCASTS  
**MUSINGS**

2024  
PART C

*Greg R. Norton*

AS I SIT HERE WRITING A FEW  
THOUGHTS, this third Monday in  
January, this morning, I'm again reading

my podcasts archive, and, as usual, have found many ideas about a diverse range of topics, and personalities. This kind of reading is a sort of social education for myself... as I tend to prefer my recordings collection, sufficing for my daily reading, rather than the perhaps faster rates of the network television, which tends to come at me in unexpected ways. I find more sanity, and more stability in my own saved recordings... and my offline collection is much more 'to my tastes,' than the commercial broadcast media. So this is what I read more often. At any rate, these topics often filter into my own writings, as

I sometimes bring in thoughts from my ordinary 'random' reading... taking me sometimes into unexpected directions, and through eclectic subject matters. *At any rate, a new week offers promise of new goals, experiences, and discoveries.* Much of my own collection, I will also suggest, is somewhat new to myself... numerous programs will be heard as if for the first time... as the passage of time lets me hear different shows in new ways... something from fifteen years ago, might be uniquely pertinent in today's world, and so, the play back is always showing me new things... even if I've heard the program on

numerous times. I also enjoy some of the antique programs. I never imagined, that forty years later, I would listen to a call in radio program recorded in the early eighties. My own youth, which I then was, was inhabiting a world, which I had only limited understanding of, and I've found a west coast united states radio call in program which I find fascinating today... as I was a pre teen kid at that time, and it's just interesting the ways of how present and past times' consciousnesses appear to actually fold back and forth... as certain things I was then aware of, and others I wasn't, this type of antique radio listening

is fascinating. I have another set of recordings, made in the middle nineteen forties, a full broadcast day, twenty four hours in total, of when a then major radio network kept the united states population informed, around the time of the Allied invasion of the Normandy shores in July nineteen forty four. This was the full day's programming from D Day, when the Nazis were defeated. I can imagine how my imagination somewhat re lives those times, from my personal and collective unconscious... imagining how times and memory reflections appear to over lap numerous times, in a kind of a resonant

feedback loop... the 'afterlife' concept becomes a very curious thing indeed. *At any rate, when you've got a lot of vintage, and antique media, time itself is something like a magic window... I think that vintage media, in general, is something like a haunted child's play ground, and we at different times have a detached, dispassionate perspective, and sometimes feel we can detect nuanced subtleties from recordings made forty, fifty, sixty, even one hundred years ago.* At any rate. I thought you might find that interesting. How will today's modern audio recordings be seen one hundred years in to the future?

This is certainly something to think about. As I have somewhat digressed, I pause in my thinking, and imagine a yoga stretch, reaching my arms up past the sides of my head to the heavens. This has a way of relaxing the lateral tensions, I feel, as verbal thoughts sometimes seem to get more or less 'out of bounds,' this has a way of relaxing one's emotions, and helping me diminish head aches. At any rate, this present writing is done to begin my new twenty twenty four book C, part one. Book A of twenty twenty four was done towards the end of twenty twenty three, after I had finished with that year's book.

Book B was began on Christmas Evening of twenty twenty three, and it took four weeks to complete. Well, today is sunny and cold. We're expecting Spring like temperatures to prevail by the middle of this third week in January, this year.

Anyways I definitely enjoy having this smart device's word processor software and I find it engrossing to sit, and gradually inputting ideas, to build text files. *Such is like having a texting conversation with yourself and finding it highly interesting... something like discussing art with your ancestors.* You can easily have a vast output if you'll think of this process as a



hobby you can incrementally add into, any time you've got a minute. You'll look back in a few days, and you'll have a whole new chapter. It's one thing to have sentiments of a heavenly nature... *It's another to have a satisfactory way of enscribing and saving them.* I'm glad to be done with the previous book, book B, and I have gotten some artwork together for this new one, so that as I start each chapter, I'll already have cover art for it. Anyways, I was recently thinking of how, for many of us, our imagination, interacts with our social consciousness, and our subconscious minds are full of sigh kick awareness... which lets

us see into the future, so to speak, *and really perceive just who holds the reins in our society.* 'To have an ancestral subtext to your life is to be able to predict future realms.' This saying came from out of my millennial writings, and I still feel that we walk and talk, daily, with our spiritual elders, whether we know it or not, and that we have wings and vision from this, only some of us don't realize this, and so overlook, unintentionally, the better half of our souls and spiritual potentials. *I myself might be getting down these thoughts, like this, and this is because I'm in a productive time in my life, right now, and spiritual*

*presences are blessing me by getting these ideas down.* Others will be in a more of a passive, reflective time, probably because it's what they're given to do. A person can usually only do what he's given to do, *but this always will make allowance for the human free will. 'Be who you are, not what people's bad expectations dictate.'* At any rate, I'm glad to be beginning this book C.

There's usually a lot of resistance unto most any new development. I've read and seen certain voices speaking about humanity's '*limits of growth.*' I can usually count on resistance. *If it's not a factor, you would tend to wonder why.* I wonder if the

latest desalination advances, for instance, for making drinking water from seawater, will impact this resistance... as fresh water has for a while been Earth's most precious

resource. *If we can quickly and inexpensively make drinking water from seawater, I would say that this changes the equation enormously. I recently saw a project put together at a major university which uses the sun's rays to quickly distill moisture from brine, by pouring it through a matrix of dozens of transparent plexiglass evaporation chambers, like a table top appliance. The device had these flow chambers, each of which having*

*lenses for magnifying the sunlight, and catching the evaporated water vapor along their top and draining it around the assemblage through tubes, which allow the distilled freshwater to be collected at the bottom. The remaining brine flows on through and out. The central crisis of our age, the worry of seafarers through antiquity... the scarcity of drinking water, at sea... might have been solved completely. Supposedly this innovative new technology has been developed in a student laboratory in a US university. When I first read of this, my mind kind of reeled... as I thought of how many souls have gone to*

*their graves, from lack of water at or near the sea. Has this all been a waiting game? A procedural snafu? That's a good question for the Theologian.*

At any rate, these ideas are arising to the surface of my mind tonight, and I get them down as best as I know how. I hope to get started further on this new book in the coming weeks. These words are inspired, not merely fast talking. I hope they have benefited you. I've made these soundscapes and audio books entirely accessible and free of charge. This is the only added value that I know how to do, with my

present means. *I think you'll find these unique works to be simpler, and easier to understand than anything commercially available.* I have always been not for profit, so I don't have to speak the usual languages of mass appeal, and glamour. You, who ever you are, are entirely free to access, stream and download what ever you want, whenever you want, from wherever you might happen to be. *At any rate, this is what I call abundance.* And, it's all mine to give... so there's no limits of corporate sponsorship. No interruption every fifteen minutes. *Just, an endless abundant haven.*

Well, there goes the shameless self

promotion. We've got Spring like weather this week, and flood watches are in effect for the next three days. I sure am glad to be warm, and indoors. *And, I'm even more glad that I have complete artistic control of whatever I write.* And, I don't do very many of the things which those about me do... I happen to have my priorities completely straight... *the riches and treasures of Heaven are found within one place... one's own heart and soul and spirit.* How some of us forget the limitless abundance within, and instead seek solace in the maddening fray... when those behaviors are what got them in the mental health care system in



the first place. Endlessly, mindlessly,  
spending the precious years of youth and  
good health... crossing lines, nurturing miss  
deed... *these might be what is the matter in*

*the first place.* Speaking for myself, a  
quiet evening alone with my thoughts is  
plenty happiness. I think, that some things,  
such as meals, and meetings, are to be done  
with the group... but when it comes to my  
own free time, in this place, or any other...

*It's my own, and I won't listen to the  
carousing voices who obviously seek to  
spoil the quiet peace... seeking to draw the  
heart into impoverished areas, and sow  
doubt, and distraction.* Some people's

voices don't seem to be any more precious than granite, or coal... because they're so over used, and over spent, on the lunacy of sloth, and wild parties... when that person has a notebook, and a pen... *how could that person's priorities be so foolish?* Any thinking person knows better... better look unto the strengths within yourself... your stream of consciousness art, music, and writing... *if you're neglecting these gifts from heaven, you're walking away from the light.* I might be sitting quietly, not competing. *But what I'm saving is real... and, it's going onto the lasting media.*

When it comes to music in my headphones,

all I need is the quietest tiny filament of sound... my mind is an amazing magnifying lens, and the quietest, is what's amplified.

The insane, and cracking voices of those who always seem to be shouting, seem to

all just get quiet, and strain to hear the

Music of the Spheres. *Once we remember*

*this silent symphony, enfolding and*

*captivating our hearts and minds, we'll*

*cease our running around, and fighting and*

*fussing... because those are worldly*

*illusions.* The only precious things are

those which come from the most sane, and

safe inner wisdom, your most cherished

quiet times... *and are those which you will*

*instinctually know to keep, and save,  
because of their luminence... you'll know to  
save them when you find them, and I pray  
that you do find them... because this is the  
direction that the peaceful river flows... not  
into blurry, distorted distraction, or bare  
sensuality, and glammers, but into a  
growing, successful portfolio.* Well, these  
have been a few thoughts, on this Tuesday  
evening in middle January. I'm gravitating  
towards my bed, and the peaceful dreams  
of a closely kept path. I hope that you have  
such peace in your heart and soul.

Anyways, I'll wrap this writing up, and add  
it in with the others, now. All for now,

Greg.

~

To start this article, in continuing this new audio book chapter, I'm going to look at the blessings of a good upbringing. Having parents with conscience taught me many things, *such as not to be biased, or flippant when tasked with difficult reasoning tasks.* For instance, when tasked with looking at the virtues, and shortcomings of a certain

thing, say, a literary, or musical recording,  
*I was taught to use thorough analysis, and  
not to make assumptions, or to be naive.*

Having parents with integrity imparts that  
same rigor to the youth's mind. I was  
taught to be independent socially, and to  
stand on my own merits, *and to make of  
myself a self contained competition*

*winner... a victor.* But, I have  
shortcomings, as well. Say, when my false  
expectations get short changed, *I'll  
sometimes let my pride, and ego make me  
embarrass my self, and experience loss of  
dignity.* But, I will tell you, dignity is a  
losing game... more importantly is *that I*

*survived the extreme humiliation of just not having any peace, for seven years, and having to ingest or drink some chemical for temporary relief. Having survived this type of spiritual put down, I now can face people's ways in an unflinching manner, and not let people's speech, for instance, get under my skin... because I know, in my heart that everything in life is a gift... for instance, a good spirit to keep me safe... a sane and sober mind, that can remember... an artistic or musical gift... life in a free country, with secure borders... this is the best gift of all. The presence of order, and sentience, and meaning throughout my*

being... and of course, freedom to not be tormented to death by cruel beasts, who want to eat me starting from the tail. *Being gifted of good heredity, is a gift... as is having strong wits which never went through loss of control, or ever landed me in prison.* These and many other things I can name are gifts. So, just who has time for resentments, or wounded pride?... These things do come up, in life, *but we shouldn't attach ourselves to them.* At any rate, I've noticed on numerous times, my writing path sometimes gets more or less blurry, *especially when I'm in the midst of creating a new style, and am then faced with*



*societal resistance...* you have to have belief, in yourself... and in your spirit, that she'll bring you through it. If you can keep on, incrementally composing, *you'll eventually have something to show for the time.* Sometimes I do better in composition if I'll think in terms of an audio chapter... *these beings of the air are a force I can tap into... a sort of free energy, and will work for you, if your guiding vision is intact and strong.* I settle in, this morning, and try to gather a few thoughts. There's an intense north south band of precipitation marching eastwardly, and we're in it's path. This will show us some rain, throughout today, most

likely. *We need the rain, for the water table, and for the spring crops.* As I had mentioned, writers sometimes pass through narrows, or gauntlets... this is why inner tests sometimes come up, *and one must be resilient and remember the 'guiding vision.'*

At any rate, I can tell, that this present article is going to be fine, as it seems to be coming through the 'narrows,' and back out into the 'lush, verdant meadows.' It's very good to have a space which I can call my own, and to have this roof over my head...

*it's certainly nicer on the inside, than in the cold winter's rain.* The goal of this writing, *is somewhat to let the goodness of*

*a well managed soul, and spirit realm do the work for me... it's so nice, when I can just let the cruise control keep me on the track. It's true how not everyone will be interested in furthering any writing, or getting it to completion... the writer's art is a solitary pursuit... this, I think, the solving of life's problems, is one of the reasons why we have group, boarding, and foster homes in general... to support these poorer folks, as room and meals is provided by their disability insurance. If you can't understand this sort of way, then perhaps you're more concerned with 'How can I just traverse the space of time, to bring me out*

*of my life's problems?' Or, 'I have only one person to take care of... myself.'* A writer's

path is all his or her own. No one owes him anything. At any rate, I'm definitely enjoying the light flowing of piano music from my card reader device. I sometimes

travel distances without unanimous concert, as I might have at some times forgotten the blessings of a strong piano style... *and I might have failed to act from*

*consciousness of the past wins, and blessings...* instead getting irritable or argumentative, and just failing to walk in full consciousness, and gratitude. So, I'll reinforce this idea, and move along. It's

great when I do see the good work spirit  
has done through my life... *certainly I don't  
want to be negligent of my own worth.*

Well, these have been some ideas. *I hope  
you have been blessed, and that you do find  
peace from within your own soul... your  
inner peace certainly won't come  
externally.* Well, as I sit to try and collect a  
few ideas, this morning, I'm inwardly  
grateful that I got to share some recent  
work, yesterday, and hope to further this  
Book C part one, and to constructively pass  
the time, now until morning break, in an  
hour and a half. We're expecting to have a  
good rain all day long today. I would

imagine that many of the local creeks and rivers are at flood stage, as we've had a lot of rain lately. I sit here, on this bed, and gazing at this phone, and at my video screen just across the way from me here.

I've looked forward to this Saturday morning, and feel that my recently published work is among my best, so this has made me quite contented, this morning. At any rate, the room is dim, except for the light coming in through the open door to my left, and around the drapery over the window, and my video jukebox screen, here to my right. *I'm glad to be right where I'm supposed to be, and accounted for.* There's

no place I'd rather be, right now, than sitting here listening to '*Hope thru the Night,*' and inputting this text presently. Our skies are still dreary looking, and it's good to be indoors. The millennial times, lasting out twelve or thirteen years, was a somewhat difficult time for myself. Some time around nineteen ninety nine, my piano playing took on a star struck sound, almost a visual tangibility, and everything I did incorporated the unusual 'dynamic arc motif,' and I played a lot, during that two years through ninety nine and year two thousand. *Then, without any explanation, I was left with this truly strange music, to*

*try and manage and share it, through the entire tumultuous decade which that was, until, I suppose, it was thought that the Mayan New Year had come and gone. Only then, did my mind and spirit conceive of new material, starting around twenty twelve, and on through the present. During that prior twelve year period, my life languished and felt as though it was tossed around, amidst the churning, and tumultuous times, and those crashing waves... my mind felt as if it were laid open, and bare, to the critical eyes of the world... and I dealt with those difficult times, by writing my thoughts out. Thusly I*



survived and got by... and those years were some of the worst for me personally. But, since then, my piano playing style has developed, and I have come to love my sound again. I relate these thoughts, because, probably, many of my readers weren't aware of my plight, and so had no idea I went through that. But, for those who have listened to that millennial music, of mine, you will have a window into the ways that the inn corporal presences in my life somewhat appeared to set me out, and segregate my life... *but in truth, it was they who kept me alive, and kept such good light shining, in the forms of the audio*

*books during that period.* I'm so glad, that I saved this writing, and these books. If you want to dip into those works, and hear them for yourself, then feel free... they're all available and free of charge. Still today, these somewhat 'elemental' recordings seem to beckon, and say '*Never forget these years, we have here... you or I, in the Western world, may never again see such a confluence, or a collision, of times and circumstances, as this first decade truly was.*' Well, I've wanted to write this piece, and now, having gotten through this writing, can feel a greater sense of closure, and completion. I've lived in this part of

the world, now, for twenty years since I relocated here, from my hometown in two thousand and three. I've seen some bad years, and I've seen some good years, too. I hope, that any distortion in my mind will pass behind, as I get this writing down on paper. I've already spotted, how the '*Hope thru the Night*' album is putting me through my paces, and although it is simplistic, it seems to have archetypal dimensions, and requires myself thinking differently, for a time. Such is life. At any rate, these have been some thoughts. No one else has written this way, *and I offer these words as description, of times no one has quite the*

*words to describe.* I hope you'll see what you want in them... *I feel never has a world been quite so lost for words, as our world was during that period.* But, I can see this much, and have these means for saving these thoughts. Well, this is mainly what I wanted to say. This evening is winding down, and these words are as well. I'll get myself ready for bed, and call this a day. All for now, Greg.

~

As this twenty twenty four book C is getting along, now, into this new part one, I've got my footing established, fairly well, for another week, and won't be so susceptible to those worries of insufficiency... my system has fully demonstrated, now, *how it can receive good wisdom, and effectively go behind myself*, and therefore I shouldn't worry over that. At any rate, this is how my thoughts are going, this morning. The challenges of building this audio book, in real time, are quite profound. But I tell myself, not to allow my self to get entangled in unnecessary worry, or despair. *'You just do what your life's responsibilities*

*tell you to.'* Well, I'm getting down a few thoughts, and although the morning's early, my spirits are good, and my mood's bright, ...*there are others who might not have seen the good light shine through this morning... these might need our sunn to come out from behind clouds... we're expecting clearing this morning, and warm temperatures and sunny through the middle of the week. Our weekends are usually best at restoring faith... I think that every one's individual heaven will be based in unique art forms, and will be particular to them alone.* Finding belief in your own self is your task... *weekends usually allow*

*us time and room to figure out what we're really saying, and to find our own unique view on to the world.* As young as you might feel, you'll feel even better when you, for instance, meet your healthy weight goals. This might for some mean weight gain, for others weight loss. But, I'm not a nutritionist, neither am I a licensed councilor or therapist. But these thoughts are the ideas I can see, they might apply to you, *depending on what your innermost quiet time might show you... from within an inner do odd... an inner pairing.* A conscious inner spiritual pairing is a rare gift indeed... how many more *'books of*

*ideas'* will be shown, only time will tell.

The late nineties, and early millennial times showed us many things. I think that I thought I could do it on my own, but was shown otherwise... invisible words create a mental parallax... (mental illness,) which is like the central lesson of my own coming of age... *so I must be truthful, and not make claim to a grace I didn't have, at the time, until a little later.* You can see, people need people... unless they're so strong willed and stubborn that they can't be told, or changed, except by finding out the hard way. Through the years I've seen many many things... how, fixed points, in



the ever changing human mind, are hard to  
come by, but there are so many, many  
facets in an acquired spiritual wisdom...  
*learning the ways of spirit might require  
seven years, before the person is even  
shown the life in the light...* and which,  
spiritual socialization is its own course of  
discovery... twenty years or more of  
*learning at the feet of Masters* can make a  
wise and kind human... *is this your own  
claim to fame?* If so, then you're in the  
right place, if you're reading these words.  
Well, community, for an artist is something  
like... ***'Find your moment, and begin  
again.'*** ***'Enter the stream of thought***

*anew.*' See? Only, who can say, what we'll find along the way? A shadow box? A ballerina? Paper for printing? Pen and ink? *I see... a circumspect outlook!* A book's beginning is something like a ship's christening, *so you might can see the small fuss.* At any rate, life, like love, is what you make it into... it becomes it's own product. When my mind tells me to stretch my arms up past the sides of my head, towards heaven, I see the light... *God's in control and sometimes takes the reins... I think it means you're closely cradled, too, so you won't be far from okay, no matter what.* When we can know, there's nothing

wrong with this picture... We're just doing what's expected of us... *or better...* This is like a figure of speech... so I'll be writing... what is your own strong suite? A thing will tend to stay where it's put, unless acted upon from the outside. *So, we here will tend to be fine... when the issue or presence has seen what it wants to see, from every angle, it will let a people be.* People's minds tend to hug the shadows. Mine own did, and my life was stagnant and complacent. That was, until I was dealt a proverbial '*thorn in my side.*' Thereafter my life became a quest for the Light of inner peace... anything that wasn't a help in

finding relief from my agitated state, soon passed away from me, and ceased to be.

*Until I myself had suffered the intense grief*

*of 'mortal self defeat,' I was doomed to suffer.* But, that was because, my troubles

in those years were deep... the cycles of addiction had me so ensnared, for nearly a decade... and in some ways, at some times, I still feel some of that trouble. *But today,*

*I believe no pain on this side of life even compares to those years of alienation.* At

any rate, these are my thoughts... and if I can't show some love and self respect to my own heart, then no one else will. *So I do*

*know how to do this, and avoid*

*unnecessary strife... and to pass easily through the narrows, rather than get hung up upon the devil's snares.* The lush, verdant greenery is 'merely a thought away,' to paraphrase the song. As I sit outside, at this picnic table, at the east end of our house, the sunn is on my face, and I'm thinking that this is where I'm supposed to be... I squint up at the white hot orb, *and inwardly say a prayer for those people who so many livelihoods depend upon... the managers, and administrators that make work happen.* I was listening to a podcast from my library last evening...and my inner meanderings were happening concurrently

to the shuffle of shows on my device... I came upon the notions of perfumes, and aromatherapy, *and managed to recollect the concept of how 'pulse points,' are where our inner lives are somewhat closest to the surface of our overall experience... where we most usually experience our existential ground... and where any errant molecules of air, at or near the surface of these 'pulse points,' tends to be felt as a scraping, or as an burning sensation.* I can definitely see, how, as this stale air causes us pain, when it comes in between our third eye perception, and these 'pulse points,' we can somewhat brush it away, mentally, by

focusing in on the specific area, and seeing what is the trouble, and solving it, and getting past that surface, *or dispensing with it by force of inner will*. Anyways, you'll find, if you're like me, that we're at our very most vulnerable, at these 'pulse points,' *where our inner life blood courses just beneath the surfaces*. Especially you'll

find this occasional difference of perception, close to around the five, or six cognitive senses... eyes, ears, voice area, nose and our sense of smell... our tongue and our taste sensations, and just all of the skin surfaces, and sub dermal areas of the face, neck, and head... tactile local and

larger environment, and sensing faculties.

*I hope that these thoughts, and words find you happy, healthy, and contented, this last Monday in January, this good year. At any*

rate, if you want to be able to deal with your own resentments, and frustrations, and

occasional anger, at these emotions occurring so often, then I suggest you find

a way, craft, or practice. A musical instrument and digital recorder, like a computer, can capture nuances

of expression which, when you are angry,

or frustrated, can be a rich dialogue of melodic licks and stylings... *expressions*

*which, then to future listeners, won't be*



*given of any particular emotive content,  
but will be just heard as a musical phrase,  
or expression in empty air... it can be  
whatever the person is feeling at that  
moment.* Instrumental music, especially, is  
a universal language, which isn't  
necessarily given into any one race, or  
culture, or creed, or nationality, but is  
expressed into all of man and woman kind.  
Well, these have been some thoughts. (*The  
next day,*) As I sit, and get receptive to my  
higher mind, and consciousness... tuning in  
in this way, and with my hands resting on  
my word processor keyboard, good  
spiritual presences can write their leading

edge of thinking into this smart device's  
memory, and incrementally move my  
writing along... *finding what good  
illumination I can, along the way.* In some  
ways, I've been in artistic times like this on  
many occasions... but I think, that in many  
ways, our society is stronger... at least, my  
generation is stronger, and wiser... and  
we're not seeing the embedded corruption,  
like we were seeing twenty years ago... the  
third world isn't experiencing those kinds  
of violent, self destructive explosions, like  
that millennial time had. *The world, as we  
have come to see it, is in a much more  
peaceful time, and ninety nine point ninety*

*nine people out of one hundred do exactly what they're supposed to do, and things go as planned.* So, I for one, am much happier with the consistency of peaceful days in the larger world, and in our own smaller realm,

the same holds true. I think that twenty years ago there was a lot of embedded corruption, and problems in the young men, which you're not seeing today, as much...

those issues have run their courses, and many youth have gone to prison, or else have self destructively ended their lives.

*I'm still writing, for the sake of getting the higher wills and consciousnesses onto lasting media... I don't have any particular*

*agenda, other than to attune myself with my higher mind, on a day to day basis. If I can save a few thoughts, on each day that I have time, then I'll at least have something to show for the time passed. All writing might not be inspired, or 'illuminated,' words, sometimes I'm kind of going the distance, from point A to point B, in the name of eventually arriving upon some brilliant insight. This, to myself is what I call 'thought jazz,' and usually comes upon treasures, and wealth, that I might not have expected. As I'm writing for an audio journal, I'll move my simulcron along into the future, and find what truths that I may.*

*All writing needn't be important, socially relevant ideas... some will be, for want of a better term, filler material, but will get my words along, until I stumble upon something inspiring. There's the world of gauntlets, and narrows, when, say, a concern is trying to get to the destination, and the going is treacherous, and there may be traffic snares, and it just takes time to clear. This kind of thing can be moved along... there's nothing I can do about external ongoingings, and troubles, any given morning, but through keeping a fluidity in my literary persona, and moving myself along, when I sense that my mind is bogged*

*down, this sometimes helps difficult scenes, and troubles, to find their individual resolutions.* Well, these are the first thoughts which arise to the surface of my mind, this morning... I hope you've seen light through them. As I'm winding down these ideas, I'm inwardly grateful that my inner spirit always makes allowance for my freedom of will, *and freedom not to be deigned by circumstances.* If a wording choice is easier... much easier one way, than another... I'm always allowed to move along through and out of the trouble. *This is probably what I am most grateful for, and we've certainly had a much happier*

*collective through the years, for it.* Well,  
these are just a few thoughts. I'll wrap  
these ideas up, and add them in with the  
others. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit here and collect a few thoughts into  
this smart device's word processor, this  
morning, I realize how fortunate I am, to  
have any work at all... those others in my  
class are mostly poor of spirit... *me, being  
somewhat favored by a benevolent spirit, I*

*realize what a great wealth it is to be  
cradled in this way. Hopefully I can see  
the nearness, of this, rather than the  
distances... as, aren't we as people  
somewhat sharing this space? I get along  
down my page. I can vividly remember,  
being somewhat young in spirit, and  
wanting... needing spiritual communion  
just like the air that I breathe. There, for  
myself, was a seven year period, when I  
was in consciousness of, but outside of the  
peace of, this relationship. I was doomed  
to suffer. But, I found the way into peace,  
eventually. In short, there isn't any one  
way, into your own inner peace... there are*



*just as many as there are unique  
circumstances out there. If I'm speaking in  
a consoling voice unto my reader, then, in  
truth, I'm probably speaking that way to  
myself... I'm the one who's being cradled.*

**This is 'writer's wisdoms, one oh one.'** At  
any rate, these are a few of the insights  
which I can see from my vantage, here this  
morning. *I may be humbled, by my life  
circumstances, but my inner spirit is  
exalted.* You can see, as well, how  
everyone is uniquely 'privy to an alien  
world.' *We're either at work, solving our  
life's mysteries, or else we're being  
continually duped, by the powers that be. I*

think, that the introduction into a person's life of digital instruments, tools, and appliances, *makes him or her uniquely inclined to use those things*. At any rate, today is Wednesday, the last day in January, this year. I'm sitting inside upon this bed, and inputting these thoughts into this blue tooth keyboard with a radio connection to my smart device's word processor. My writing like this slows to a crawl, at some times, and I make only incremental progress, down the page. But, I've found, how if you meditate around a thing long enough, say '*How best to write this article?*' you'll eventually make

incremental progress. But don't expect to write page after page, all at once, unless you happen to have a game changing idea, which you can expound upon. *These good ideas are some of what makes the world go around.* So, and with myself, I might go an entire article, making only incremental progress, and never really break away into any important thinking. *I offer for your consideration, 'light jazz.'* When used in writing, these riffs and licks can make up good, competent writing, if you know how to seamlessly blend them into sequence, in an essay. It's especially easy to make a good beginning, if you'll use strong

imagery to illustrate the 'writer's art.' Just whatever visual metaphors which you feel best match the piece... the wheres, and the whens, the particulars in general can be conveyed through imagery. *For example, the imagery of a cyclist... who appears to be shaky and unsteady at first, then quickly finds his or her balance, and gets along down the page... the scenery passing by... houses, trees, fields, forests, barns, fences... all seen as metaphors for the writer's progress, as cyclist, along into his or her article.* So, you see, the only rules, are the ones you impose upon yourself... you can write just as fluently as you can

think... or as you think you can. At any rate, these ideas are coming to me fairly easily, now, and I get them down on paper as best as I can. *If I could tell you all of the ideas that sometimes pass through my mind...* like about how, my Grandmamma Marie Norton must have felt so cheated, when me, her Grandson somewhat lost his innocence, and she really lost her best friend... Marie and me had had many delightful adventures, going places in Vernon her husband's car, and then Vernon lost his mobility, due to diabetes, and he couldn't walk, so he had to go in a nursing home, *which was around the time I first*

*started getting sick.* So, it was like Grandmamma lost two of her best men, all at once, within the space of a year or two... *but she still had her son, Buddie, my Dad.* But, I didn't see much of Grandmamma as I had problems of my own, and had to go on disability insurance, because my sanity had flown, like the wild geese, *and I was a shut in, and stopped doing the things I used to do.* Granny passed away in an assisted living home, shortly thereafter... and I grieved for losing her, only my spiritual development hadn't let me into the invisible conversation, *so I was on my own, with no real spiritual communion.* I went through

some lonely times, as I was dealt a case of restless agitation, and felt that I had to self-medicate like crazy. Well, you can see, how it is for me today... *If I pray for richer, more literal communion, I'll pretty soon find such... so God tells me, that I'm not alone, that He or She is nearby, and that things are working out.* I suggest, that good writing is working out... I believe that the thoughts and dreams in our minds and spirits can be developed into literature, which can really be a comfort to people, *if I'll keep it sane, and not let it 'go to the hounds.'* Well, just some thoughts, and I'll see what can be kept, of this, and what

might have crossed my lines of decorum.  
*But, this is like, how the spirit world is...  
you might not realize, how God watches,  
and feels for us as well, and, if He or She  
has seen what she likes, she might tell us,  
too... why, 'Life is like a box of chocolates,'  
because, truly, there might be some very  
interesting thoughts, just beneath any  
ordinary flowing. I think, that it just is  
helpful to keep instruments, and media  
appliances on hand, to get down these  
messages, and most likely, these verbal or  
cognitive ideas are just right for the time,  
and the circumstances. Well, I've shown  
you how I think, about things, this*



morning, *and how 'I still miss my Grandmamma,' after all these years, I'm missing her, and would take any signs or meanings, as some proof, 'She's looking down, and smiling.'* Well, I guess I'll wrap these thoughts up, now, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

AS I SIT THIS MORNING, AND TRY TO  
attune myself with the higher spiritual  
presences, and my higher consciousness,

I'm somewhat impressed with my pleasant mood, and cheerful demeanor... even though I haven't had any food for a day and a half, my fasting has 'cleared' my mind and inner vision, and gotten the impurities out of my system... so I feel so much better than I would have if I had eaten meals.

You can't do without food for too very long, *but two days is a good length of time to clarify your consciousness.* Well, its now two days later, and my procedure went fine. I'm cancer free, and I don't have to have another colonoscopy for five years. So, I'm redeemed from sin and grief, about that. *It's rare that you get a clean bill of*

*health, but, that's just what I've got. At any rate, I'm trying, through this writing, to move this article along. I know some things, to be true, such as the necessity of getting past superficial appearances of any given day, when writing... the need to find your 'own ground.'* We're expecting sunny weather, and balmy temperatures today, which will be a nice reprieve from the cold, rainy drizzle. At any rate, this present writing is my beginning article for my Book C part two. I'm sitting here, this morning, mulling over just what might be the best direction to take this writing into. I like to think of a wafting zephyr, and

trying to get that effect, in writing...  
*something like a cool breeze which easily goes unimpeded wherever it wishes to, and trying to capture that particular effect, in writing.* At any rate, sitting here this morning, *I'm impressed with how our beliefs, about a thing, or say, a time period, tend to dominate our experience of the time.* If your good intention can guide a piece of writing, then allow it to... *there's no need whatsoever to have a random or purposeless flowing in your writing... just take it into the directions that you want it to go.* After a while, you'll experience your article's gaining momentum, and it will

finish itself out. It sure is good to find an  
balanced, even rhythm, in developing a  
new article. Have you heard it said, that  
you might at times get thinking that you're  
walking all alone, through your life's  
journeys... but this just isn't true... because  
your trusted spiritual alliance is going  
along with you, wherever you go. In fact,  
he or she might just be carrying you on his  
shoulders... and you have only to  
acknowledge his or her presence, and work,  
in your life... *in order to access his great  
overflowing abundance.* Many people  
never realize that their invisible side is  
with them always, and so miss out on some

important works. 'Works' as I've used the term here, *might mean whatever gospel truths you're able to get down on paper, in wakeful consciousness of the higher ascended beings, which are present always, all about.* The more you mindfully attune with your higher presences, the more skillful you'll become at getting into this sort of consciousness. When a person is pure in intention, he or she will only want to read literature which is pure in intention... he won't be drawn to those who want to distract him, but will only stay in reading where he is allowed to study, without people trying to sell him on

personality cults. You'll try to mainly stay where the energies are more stable... I'm sure you'll understand the disdain for media with lots of vertical dimensionality... if you like nature music blends, for instance you'll understand how the horizontality and stability of environmental nature recordings tends to afford the best sonic study environments, *whereas the big insistent rhythmic repetition and downbeat is a more of a vertical dimensionality... not as good for studying*. I guess that this is the science that I specialize in... *how to keep my music soothing, and stable, especially in reflecting inner peace*. And, you can see

from this that I'm somewhat on the  
receiving end of spiritual blessings...  
without the guiding spiritual light, my  
words would just be a haphazard jumble of  
letters and words. So you can see, that I  
feel the importance of keeping my heart  
right, *and how making my life presentable  
is a full time job... because of the spirit  
which flows within, which my life is built  
around.* Today is the first Wednesday in  
February, this year. I sit here on this bed,  
after breakfast and my shower, and before  
the work day actually begins, and try to  
attune with these thoughts, this morning.  
Our weather today is beautiful, balmy and



breezy... definitely a prelude to Spring. I can tell you, however, for a solitary person like myself, any given morning these days, I deal with anxieties... but, as far as I know,

the west coast isn't having a bad earthquake, nor the east... but, for instance,

*when a traffic snarl happens, in the morning commute rush, I as a musician, tend to feel your pain.* And the risk of road

accidents, just about makes me want to cringe most mornings. You've got to be awake, before you get on the road, because hazards come up really quickly. I spend a portion of most mornings, just going back and forth to the bathroom... and people

sometimes wonder why my stomach is so torn up ... *I'm just as badly affected by my anxieties.* If you told me, that there was going to be a bad tornado outbreak in my region, I would say, '*I hope not!*'... *because this is some definite anxiety symptoms.* At any rate, I write these thoughts, because I will look back at these writings, later... will it make sense? At any rate. Have you ever

heard it said, that if we're writing or sketching, *we'll always include the future in whatever we make... you can't not include the future, in today's writing, or creation.* At any rate, these have been a few thoughts. Have you seen anything that

interests you? Or are you unimpressed?  
Well, we're still in the grips of winter, but  
warmer Spring weather is on its way. I'll  
be glad and relieved when everything goes  
well. *But, if you ask my stomach, you  
know what he'll say. 'Art always follows  
passive principles.' 'Art imitates nature...  
not the other way around.'* I'll wrap this  
writing up and send along your way now.  
All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit here, and attune this afternoon, I'm so grateful for the peaceful evening, and that everyone who journeyed got to wherever they were going... including me. (*My own work going to a willing audience, for example.*) Sometimes, what's on your or my television is just more or less ancillary information to your self, which might could just as well be ignored, *but if a person is having a good day, especially, he or she might would receive kindly of amateur or independent media, which is not based especially in corporate sponsorship.* I wonder if it could be said that that, *'The*

*ways of money just don't inspire some people.'* So you have the occasional drop out. I myself usually write, or build to answer the necessary questions of... *'Just what is within my higher mind and consciousness upon this, or the given day? And, how can I know this one thing better?'* At any rate, I think that one has to be able to quickly get into a mode of receiving of the 'nuanced subtlety,' *even when this means hustling... quickly... right now... to get to the canvas or the empty word processor page.* You have to know when the moment has arisen, to take the reins, so to speak, and lead the team in the right

direction. At any rate, when you're at your pen and notebook, you're in the position to receptively *'chart the way,' and rise above the mundane.* If you're able to give back strong literature, you'll have to avoid upsetting the powers that be, and this means having your own innermost guidance... *equipped with this 'Grandmother spider' relationship, you'll instinctively know how to stay out of trouble.* At any rate, after years of wrong choices and dead end alleyways, you'll eventually be able to spot the right signs and direction pointers... *to stay within the existing graces, and not run aground.* At

any rate, today is the second Sunday in February, this year... a cloudy and blustery day good for staying in. I sit writing this now, and in the back of my mind, I'm thinking, lazily, about getting back into bed, and getting some more sleep. *This is definitely one of the best things about living on Earth... waking on Sunday, and not having anything special to do or anyplace to be... and you can just go back to sleep if you feel like it.* I can say that, when I count my blessings, it will sound something like this. At any rate, when I sit to collect a few thoughts, and put them on paper, there are techniques which can be

borrowed from jazz music, such as using written visualization exercises to somewhat start a flowing of thoughts onto the page.

An example of this might be a type of relaxation exercise which goes like, 'Descending down, down, into the cellars, the basements of your consciousness... the air grows cooler, the space darker, *until the tranquil peace of the subterranean environment has quietened your chattering thoughts, and brought stillness to your demeanor.*' This is just an example of the type of guided visualization which I am speaking of here... and this can be anything... anything in nature, in which you



can illuminate, and image a kind of momentum... such as '*The cool springwater bounding down a mountainside, confident of itself, and destined to reach the pond.*'

This type of thing is something like a free energy, or gravity engine, which works in the area of linguistic visualizations, to sketch out nature's most likely course, as it would appear in real life... driven by the effects of gravity, *to progress down the path of least resistance, down to the lowest part of the environment, like, the ocean, or the meadow pond.* Sea level... all water tends to descend downward over it's courses, until it reaches the sea... *which is*

*the lowest water that the gravity alone can reach. So, this can be illustrated verbally.*

At any rate, the force of gravity, and momentum can be tapped into linguistically, onto a written page, in this manner, *to illustrate an image, or a type of natural process.* A third example of this type of thing, might be 'A woman on a cliff, against a sky of blue, which arches overhead, *finally crashing into the sea with a splash of sparkling brilliancy.*' This playful example, which I remember thinking of in a college freshman writing class, *shows how whether the object at play is the woman, or the sky, the effects of*

*gravity are at the heart of the event... the gravity does the work.* At any rate, when you implement a kind of guided visualization, especially as in where you yourself, or the reader, moves or is moved by gravitational force, as in when an underwater scuba diver which descends, progressively to the deepest part of the particular environment, and it can be useful to imagine, *'Going towards a light source, emanating from deeper down... and actually imagining the waves of relaxation as you draw nearer to the glowing light source, beneath the waves, at the bottom of the sea.'* This type of guided visualization

used in writing, can be very useful, as well,  
as such can make good subject matter for  
such writing, *and especially, when  
implemented in a flowing manner, as in  
how jazz musicians might would do in a  
jam session. This is why I call such jazz  
thought... because it's based around the  
improvisation found in jazz.* At any rate, I  
feel that these thoughts have been just  
waiting to be written, for some time now,  
and I am glad to finally have opportunity to  
get them down onto this paper. This is why  
I feel, that sometimes a writer is made into  
a writer by forces outside of the person's  
control, in effect, *the spiritual*

*potentialities were already present, in the beingness nearby, subconsciously to the person. When the person concludes, 'I know, I'll write these thoughts out, onto paper,' then the forces underlying creation in general begin a kind of making of 'lemonade from out of the lemons.'* This is an adaptation of the more antiquated notions, *of how we can make gold, or precious metal from out of lead, in an alchemical transmutation process... in effect letting nature do the work for you.* I have heard it said, how, in certain closed systems, it can be seen how, *'Nature perfects itself,' 'Nature completes itself.'* At

any rate, I think that this is in many ways  
the effect at play in any jazz  
improvisation... this making of lemonade  
from out of lemons... this transmuting of  
base metals into precious metals, *which are  
highly sought after, and which can have  
value as equity.* Well, these have been  
some thoughts, upon these pages, *and I am  
grateful to have been given them, and to  
move my article along to it's conclusion  
now.* I'll add these thoughts in with the  
others, and send them along your way now.

All for now, Greg.

~

Well, as I sit and write, before bedtime, this evening, I'm amazed at how some people can make complex things, like performing arts, look so easy. If I had to say, it would be natural for myself, to fade into the background, of the scene, like a ghost...  
*when it comes to making creative tasks work, though, such as in production, of my own home made music, and videos, I'm most happy when you'll just give me the work, and let me do it.* I'm at my very happiest when I'm busy, and the cool morning breezes are in my hair. But one

has to really know one's way around his or her software, for instance, and the particulars and quirks of his equipment. It's been my experience that until I really get to know my equipment, and my particular configuration, I'm usually so held up by glitches and quirks of the electronic sort, that it's hard to make anything work, so that I'm happy with it. And learning one's way around one's contemporary sigh kee, used to be so difficult for me, that I would often just opt out of all of my important appointments. Or else, take some inebrient to help me cope, when this only would make things



much worse. Even now, I'm struggling with this particular kind of light pattern, and have to be inwardly focused so much, just to keep up this writing in this particular time. *The lights are so complex, and bright, that my abilities are taxed to their limit.* Every new day presents completely new challenges, and it really helps myself, to understand, *how far along I am into the collective sigh kee, even though I am still living, and healthy.*

Having a serious self injury, or suicide attempt, puts a person in the company of ghosts, while yet alive. ***You should never try to end your life. You'd be imprisoned***

*then, for sure.* But, I for one have to keep my creative tools near by, such as notebook and pen, and word processor and keyboard, *because things in living come at me in unexpected ways, and I have often to quickly run for the habitat of my creative path... these digital tools and softwares, are invaluable.* But, like I said, I'm impressed with the way, that most days, I am just as silent as the ghosts in the rafters... getting me involved can be difficult to impossible... because my particular evolutionary spiritual hide a way, inhabits a zero space, and I feel, most times, like a ghost... just a figment of

someone else's perception, or belief of myself... *I try and make my life roles highly purposeful, and intentional. I don't want to let my messages ever get unclear, or ambiguous.* Well, these are just some thoughts, this good Sunday evening, and I put them into this word processor keyboard. If I think that the rhythmic music, like what I hear on the pop radio, could compare to the fulfillment I get from my free form piano improvisations, I probably haven't really thought very deeply about what I do. Set rhythm is like a whole other thing, an impelling force, from my legato, flowing phrasing... I don't think that

it would make me happy like what I do.

*Still, rhythm unites an entire troop of dancers, and performers, for instance, and brings on states of mystical trance...* within a set rhythm, you can do a lot... especially if you'll see a set rhythm as an infinite sonic volume, or environment, where anything good can happen, if you know how to be creative with it. At any rate, these are just some thoughts. I sometimes get so blocked, from my freely flowing bio energy, within my person, *that I'm held up for weeks at a time, just trying to develop the right approach to solve some particular problem.* The answer usually comes 'out of

the blue,' seemingly without any conscious control... *it takes a higher accessional presence, nearby to see the way over the hill.* Proximal spirits do so much in my life, that I'm given to think my life is just such a 'state of grace...' I trust my good eye, and sixth sense, to put the picture together, to find most answers. *Walking on faith is such an important part of my life, more now, than ever.* Most mornings, when I first wake up, I'm not in a very happy place... but if I'll have a bite to eat, and get my shower, I inwardly know, that I'll feel much better. This is 'walking on faith.' I was looking at some family photos, this

evening, and was amazed to see how in the  
*'season of my youth,'* when I was in my  
parent's nest, throughout the nineteen  
eighties, I made a pretty good  
photographic subject... me and my sisters  
and Mom and Dad are in many photos in  
our collection. Even back then, I knew  
what hard work was, and I had certain  
chores, and, starting from around age  
fifteen, I worked hard jobs, doing various  
tasks, for local employers. I think that my  
first real job, was trimming Christmas trees  
at a tree farm near where I grew up.  
Another important job, was sacking  
groceries, and carrying them out, for

customers, at a grocery store in town. I remember making forty dollars on a good Saturday, just in tips, sacking and carrying out groceries for those people. I also began a romantic relationship... I think, that this girl tried very hard to make me happy, but in those years, I wasn't really very happy...

because I needed more of a relationship with my immortal soul... *I needed etheric eyesight, and to meet my guardian spirits, as well, and to develop those relationships.*

Me, as a nineteen year old guy, couldn't have foreseen the enormous changes that were to be wrought in my life... the eventual life work, of writing these books,

and making these piano albums, which was to later begin, around age of twenty eight.

But, everything in my life worked out brilliantly... it just developed in a manner I wouldn't have even dreamed... *in the zero spaces of an inner etheriality.* I had to learn, not only of who I myself was, *but just what my relationship to the dreams and fantasies of the mind was.* And I had to set aside the materialist paradigm... this was the hardest thing for me to accept, and begin a life's work on a higher plaine, and in company with ascended beings, to live a life 'set out,' and 'segregated,' by the spirit presences. *It was they, too, which kept me*



*alive, and saved me from the perils, and the early demise, of tobacco and alcohol addiction, my two main vices, which the 'old me,' of the materialist paradigm had gone in for so lustily. I think that, I was somewhat repeating ancestral patterns, in a way, only in my life, it didn't go so well. My Mamma's real Dad had been a 'problem drinker,' and Grandmamma wouldn't even talk about him. So, you can see, genetics might be more about personalities, than D*

*N A. At least, understanding our particular family histories helps us understand our own selves, our proclivities, and tendencies. Oh well, I've*

found some new material, this evening, *and I just didn't know, that I would come to this kind of literate fluency this evening.* But, I am grateful, and glad to get the work done. I'll wrap these thoughts up, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

Well, this morning, I get my word processor software out on my smart device, *and try and make sense of my thoughts in this way.* Our skies are expected to clear,

directly, and be colder, more like the middle of February we expect. We had some warmer weather, and a lot of rain... two inches in two days, just recently. We know that this month brings the buds on the trees, and March brings the flowers out... at least, this is what we expect in my part of the world. *We here are approximately at the isothermal equivalent of the south of France.* The north east might be a good bit colder, in fact, they're having a nor'easter right now, and so snow will be piled up high. *But spring comes somewhat earlier in our south.* When I wish to peer beneath the surface layers of my consciousness, and

mind, I can start by using some thought jazz, and kind of just get the ball rolling, in this way. *It's nice to pick up a C D, from my recent works collection, and find that the content is strong, and entertaining...*

*and without any apparent mistakes.* I think, that most of the time, if I'll just play simple melodies, and chordings, without any mistakes, then this is what makes me happiest. The mistakes are what really detract, in my opinion. While others say, how 'there aren't any mistakes in jazz music,' *I always seem to know when I've fumbled.* At any rate, I sit here and try to get these thoughts together. I don't always

know quite into what direction to take this writing, whether up or down, or right or left. *But, rather than give up on myself, I'll just keep mulling, in hopes that an answer will emerge, eventually.* One usually will. If I think that I've gone down a wrong turn, or been drawn to pyrite, or fools gold, *then I might have to retrace a few steps, to get it right.* But, I'll eventually get the problems ironed out. You might think that you've brain stormed enough, and there just isn't any good way through the thicket, *then you had might just better think again.* Just keep trying, and an appropriate answer will eventually

arise. These are a few examples of how although the way seems clear enough, 'I just am not making any progress.' *It may be time to put it away, for an hour or two, until better ideas arise. You'll go a distance, in time, before you feel capable of writing eloquently again.* But, there might be an entire world of thinking just off to the side, and you simply haven't noticed, yet. *When the lights do come on, though, you'll find yourself benefited enormously.* Just in being gifted of strong ideas, when you thought you had none, this will be more than enough satisfaction, for you to see a complete turn around. Isn't

this what is desired, then... the right words?

This might be what is so hard, then, the right words might just not come, easily.

So, and isn't this the way of the encompassing spaces... to exhibit the right signals, *and not to muddy the water, with false approval, or denial of what has happened?* We usually run short of words, when something contrary has happened.

This doesn't mean that the right answers won't come eventually... it's just sometimes too early to advance with confidence. And there might just be that one thing, which wants to run its course... *when everything comes through the narrows, then your*

*inspiration will begin to flow. Or, you still might be searching for the answer. At any*

rate, I sit here, now, listening to a C D played on my hand held 'optical victrola.' Even though this little device cost me less than fifteen dollars, its sound is pristine, and it plays every disc you put on it.

Anyways, when my strength is fading, and my answers seem too few, *I'll remember the one to whom I pray, and that we don't ever walk alone.* Still, in times of

searching, we look for truths from within our own being, *and maybe that's what's harder for myself... remembering that the best written, or musical work will come*



*from the center of one's own self. It's not a simple thing to turn one's gaze inward... we're so used to looking outward... we look out past this inner source for our literary answers... when we look only inward, we're remembering something very basic. I tend to think of the rhythms of my breathing... this perception is found at and near one's diaphragm. Abdominal muscles pull downward, from beneath the diaphragm, and air is drawn into the lungs... muscles above the diaphragm pull it upward, and we exhale... this is a continuous, rhythmic respiration, which goes with us as long as we live. When I've had enough of looking*

to a higher source, for my written inspiration, I'll look into my own heart and soul, and into the rhythms which allow my life. *One's inner resources are a sort of roaming point, around which his or her language collective revolves, and hovers... you can expect to find various voices from different locales within the sigh kee.* You'll appreciate this kind of 'coming home,' when the best wits of your trusted familiar run dry... *just who, then, are you yourself?* How are the notions within your own heart and soul comparable to the wits of a higher angel? *How is your inner focus like that of an angel?* You do have yourself.

Within your solar plexus, for instance, is somewhat where your most personal beliefs and views about yourself reside... *these are your Earth relationships... those ideas around your living years, on this planet, and in the light from our star, the Sunn.*

The day to day cycles of our lives here, and our hopes around each new morning. The mystical, enveloping night fall, and gradual decline into your bed. Within *your very own fold* is found your lifetime of memories... don't forget to be your own best friend. I have spent my recent years in consciousness and partnership with another outside of myself... It's just good to

remember the familiar inner walk, and the feelings which reside within. In a way, the journeys of accessional partnering are like peering deep into the eyes of another.

*Looking only within one's self recollects one's own youth, and the years before my spirit walk... when all I knew were my own memories... the artworks I loved... books I red over and over... the music which meant so much... favorite movies, television shows. When I do look within my own self, I think that my regular breathing, in, out, in, out, is the most central part of myself. It is good to come back to this regular, familiar respiration... and to let*

myself sink into the good thoughts about myself. I'm also thinking, somewhat, about how I can buttress and reinforce my person... *letting my visualized folded arms form a kind of rampart unto the encompassing ocean waves, this affords some protection for two of my most important organs, my heart and my lungs.*

And, if you're living well, you will be conscious of protecting these most important parts of yourself. *The image of the Native American chieftan, with arms folded out in front of his shoulders, presents a strong figure.* You might want to let this chieftan be your guide, and rule,

as you chart the course, through your life's ways. *While he's not a licensed councilor or therapist, he's doing good as he helps me build myself into a stronger writer, keyboard player and artist.* I won't soon forget how he's bringing peace, and rest. Well, these words are slowing, now, and I think about wrapping them up and adding them in with the others. I'll finish this article, and get some sleep. All for now,  
Greg.

~

It's the next day, and we've got some blue skies, no clouds... I'm sitting outside at our picnic table, being bathed by sunshine, and inputting these thoughts presently. The week's been pleasant, *and we're starting the downhill roll, coming up on noon on a Wednesday.* When I first got out of bed, this morning, the picture I saw looked pretty gloomy... especially my recent writing, so I sat and focused on overhauling several areas of my latest chapter. I think that I made it an improved thing, so by the time we had snack break this morning, my outlook had improved considerably. *So, having rejoined the*

*human race, I start this new article, and look forward to lunch time ahead.* The local birds are interestedly chirping around me, sitting here, the sunn is beaming down, and I'm thinking about lunch, and about directions for taking this writing into.

*There's always some better place, some better mindset, or situation, that I'm driven to get to, or arrive at... this is just part of being me.* And it's very good having the work... without the impetus, and the motivation to keep building better, I'm afraid I'd lose my sense of personal value, and self esteem. So, I'm glad to do the work, and I'll then have things to show for



the time passed. *And, it's the fruitful, abundant life which always has something to give back.* At any rate, you might wouldn't know, from looking at myself, that I'm driven in this fashion. So I have to look out for myself, because, outwardly I've got a humble appearance... I always seem to stay outside of the competitive social scene, and I just don't play the societal games, of racing and hunting... *I do my jockeying, with a word processor, and smart device.* And I'm interested in having a variety of new goods in the local fair, at any given time. This may not mean anything to you... you're more of a reader,

than a builder, then you'll probably be contented already, *and there's just no place better to be, than in the here and now. The world was made just for you, for your browsing, and reading pleasure. Then, boy, am I glad I met you.* At any rate, the more I dwell on some things, the worse, then, they appear to become. It's really important for myself, sometimes to lessen the distractions which are closely about my person. Especially, if I intend to focus on good writing, *I'll just have to turn the television off, for instance, or whatever is bothering me... maybe then my ordinary passage of hours will be easier.* At any

rate, you can probably get an idea of how I would react in most situations. Well, I hope to move this article along after lunch, and get along into the weekend. Ideas are coming slowly, but if I try with some thought jazz, I might can move this forward. I don't think that there's any happiness that can compare with finally getting my home office appointed, and fully functional. Especially gratifying, was purchasing a good card reader, and data disc player with a swivel screen. This sure opened up my library of audio visual media... I seem to enjoy reading audio visual files with this, *somewhat more than*

*with my phone or smart device. At any rate, I've finally started making music records which measure up, in my opinion, to what I think are my potentials... I hope my reader can find something he or she can enjoy, now.* Some of the recent pen and ink portraits are nice, as well. Sitting here now, I'm looking forward to a bite to eat for a snack, at three thirty or so, this afternoon, after which I suppose we can go the distance to supper time, and think about tomorrow. I'm trying to put this article together, and get this book C part two along a little further. It sure is nice to see that I'm finally getting the results that I

like, in several different areas... *I hope the good life satisfaction and happiness continues indefinitely.*

At any rate, I've made a personal discovery, and pretty much solved a life mystery, *and I think that I can conclusively say that I know this now. Enough of guessing... the results are finally in.* Anyways, if more people found the happiness I always do, like this, then there would be a lot less trouble in the world. And I would like to give my full appreciation to the Asian consumer electronics manufacturers, whose products have improved the quality of my life so much... a heartfelt thanks to you.

Well, I'm recollecting some of the difficulties I came through writing Book A, and Book B. *It's so true that you wouldn't know from appearances.* Esoteric writing... spiritual musings and thoughts on living...

usually develop in tandem with inner experiences... *a book like this is really like a condensate of the human experience.* I'm

glad to have gotten through the seasonal time period, *and be along into this future.*

I think that my best thinking goes into this journal... *so if you want to know of my heart, then you're in the right place.* I

definitely know that I'm where I'm supposed to be, and that I'm present and

accounted for. You'll hear me so often tell of how, I have a disability. You'll probably then know already that I mostly just want to be alone with my thoughts. *How we think about ourselves, whether good or bad, has everything to do with how we're perceived by the world... good or bad.* This is mainly why I think that early childhood experiences can be so important. If our home, our parents, reinforce our strong traits, and shape and mold us into being great people, then, there won't be much beyond our capabilities. *I only wish the rest of the world really knew this.* At any rate, *I can't much tell you of how much a*

*simple new piano album sometimes means to myself.* I mean, I'm in my seventh heaven, when I find an expressive piano record... you can't much make me any happier. It's like the slow changing of the seasons... *the appearing of the buds on the tree branches, and the flowering of the dogwoods, and the Bradford pear type trees.* I had a whole difficult time coming through my trials with hermeticism... I'm a two time suicide attempt survivor, *and then I completely cleaned up my act, and have been in group home life for more than twenty years.* This is the therapeutic base line. *I don't need any medicine to fall*



*asleep. So, I'm really blessed. This, and it could be said also that such a piano album is the best I could dream of... so I've gone back to my old home place, a place and time that remains only in memory... and, somewhat in imagination. My book series takes me back, to when this time was alive... so I've really found the promised land, some today. I've found a place of 'rare contentment.' You travel a while before finding something you receive so well. At any rate, you wouldn't have known anything good was written in an audio recording, until, and unless you have listened and heard it. Just how much of*

my present make up came or comes from  
my teen age reading... *that dedication, to  
finding the inside story... the hidden  
message.* Well, this way will just about  
always work out for the best... *when a  
person knows that most anything good  
comes from within the self, and not from  
the external nature... can't you see how just  
anything can be answered, if you'll peer  
within?* Well, this day has gotten along,  
and I'm sitting here, writing, and trying to  
shimmy to get my bottom to line up with  
my top... like a belly dancer, I'm squirming  
on the inside. *And, I'll make it work, one  
way or another.* Well, I'm sensing these

thoughts slowing, at last, and I'll go ahead  
and wrap this writing up, and add it in with  
the others. All for now, Greg.

~

In coming up with a good conclusion, for  
this Book B part two audiobook, this  
morning, I'm thinking about the rhythms  
which my life is built around... how can I  
keep this recollection foremost, *and still*  
*nourish my more expressive, legato*  
*phrasing?* The rhythms of my life aren't

very musical, just of themselves... in a strict sense, a simple beat doesn't make much sense, when I think about the ways in which expert drummers can make the beat more complex, and allow it to dance more, and express inner patterns, which aren't necessarily apparent outwardly... *and begin to say everything with syncopation, and the ways that more expressive styles are what is most listenable.* The most basic beat I know of is the cycle of day and night, which our planet shows, through its axial rotation. Others are the yearly rotation around our source star, and the rhythmic pivoting which our planet does, making our

seasons, of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. But look at all of the sub rhythms, which people on the surface entertain... sleep, and waking... the seven day week... the lunar patterns, and phases, in orbiting Earth, the quarters, and trimesters, and semesters... *our rhythms are like our skeletal inner structure, upon which everything else is built up.* This is just a notion, which is useful and, which visually, is memorable, and graphically makes the most sense, when ever it's referenced. The rhythms of Earth, and of all of it's life, are a sure bet for a memorable essay. There's an old idea, about the 'river of time,' that

flows through these rhythmic patterns... the human third eye, and our self awareness, and consciousness of the other beings around ourselves, *are a kind of simulcron... an advancing moment, which everyone wants to keep some contact with, every day.* We look to information technology to unite our hearts and minds, in consciousness of the encompassing rhythms, of our whole human culture, as it is nestled into the yearly rotation of the planet around the sunn... *given definite values by these cosmic patterns... which tend to repeat themselves endlessly in infinity.* I think that it's worth mentioning, how the micro

world rhythms, are situated so well within the cosmic patterns, that there is only minor adjustment, from year to year, *to keep the human sphere, balanced between the very small, and the very big... and to have it all make sense.* Nature has something called the golden ratio... which appears to be built into the fabric of everything... music is based on mathematical constants, and harmonies in sound, reflect mathematical harmonies, and resonances. All of these words, to somewhat conclude this part two, of this Book C... *and offer continuation into the third part.* The rhythms of today, will still

be in effect tomorrow, *and so, speaking of timeless rhythms is a certain promise of a future continuation... so I don't think that there's ever any end to rhythmic patterns.*

The breath which our respiration is formed on, is also rhythmic, and can be drawn out into enlongated phrases, to illustrate, and image the souls timeless beingness, within, and behind, the patterns of life. *Our breathing is analogous to our spirit's continuance, and endurance... beyond life, beyond death... the spirits of the Universe, might be glimpses, and microcosms... expressions, of grander designs. The promise of an eternal*



*continuum.* When I'm faced with down time, and when the line gets so slack, I'll tend to seek and find shelter in my linguistic composition... building a book, appears to be a thing of a better quality, than merely stagnating. *So, this is why I am writing these words now.* The inner do odd, the pairing of mortal with incorporeal, is a thing which gives grace into the world... *and it helps to see it as the appearance, and introduction, into the crude, rough matter, of angelic patterns and designs... and a breath present within the fabric of time space itself.* The spirits of the air, and of the heavens, are the

animate principles of all life on Earth.

When I try and shimmy, or wriggle, to harmonize the lower world, with the upper,

I'm doing something very basic... *and moving any blockage along, and on through, so that life can exist free from pain and attachment to suffering.* So, the

inner dance is a meaningful thing, and I think that all life can connect at this level.

Well, I'll wrap these thoughts up, and add them in with the others, and send along

your way now. All for now, Greg.

SITTING, THIS MORNING, TO TRY  
AND START THIS PART THREE, of this  
audiobook C, I'm thinking of ways to see  
around the morning's bad news, *and just to  
stay in touch with the leading edge of my  
thoughts.* I like to jot down incidental  
thoughts, as they are passing through, and  
try to make sense of them, from the writer's  
vantage. I've thought before, how the  
writer's perspective is something like that  
of a ghost, who can go back and forward in  
time as well, *to edit, or make revisions in  
the flow of language, going onto the  
lasting media.* But, I'm no ghost. I've  
learned just a few things through the years,

such as the ways of how, to the spirits of nature, today is just as wonderful a day as has ever been... ever. So 'keeping on the sunny side!' *I think, this way of seeing, is usually enormously helpful, in dealing with particularly troubling times.* I sit, here and trying to make sense out of this language, as it arises... thoughts such as, 'How can I avoid patterns of blaming others?' 'How can I see around my own negative critical mentalities?' 'How can I keep my messages positive, and helpful?' I think, that, too often, I'm too quick to criticise other people's work, and try and make the assertion that some other way of doing

things would be better, when this is only  
neurotic. *Today, I would say, is just as  
wonderful a day, as any that has ever been.*

So, I'm going to try and get outside in the  
sun shine, as much as I can. Well, these are  
just a few thoughts. *My own system of  
thinking about doing things, is susceptible  
to failings of various kinds... of course,  
'I'm not a licensed councilor or therapist.'*

At any rate. Well, we here have gotten our  
weekly store outing, so we'll be sure and  
enjoy the afternoon, as we are and should  
be happy. I can sit, and be pretty  
contented, on an afternoon like this one, no  
problem... *and especially with these good*

*recent original music albums, I, just for one, couldn't be much happier.* At any rate, if you want to know, how truly successful people work, and operate on a daily basis...

I think foremost is avoiding negative critical thinking, like the plague... instead, adopting Mother Nature's outlook... the one which finds plenty blessings, *just in the sunn shining, and the rain falling, to make the plants grow, is essential as is having plenty of carbon dioxide.* So, there is an enormous world of trouble, which the wild fauna don't see. I think, that the more we can be like them, and find good things to celebrate, on any given day, the healthier

we are, then, overall. You might say, that, 'Isn't my positive thinking, just a drop in the ocean?' But, shouldn't we look at it like, *'That's one drop of water, that definitely went to make the flowers grow!'*?

Well, you get the idea. Nature is like, *'When the rain falls, that means that the system works really fine.'* At any rate. I'm

really pleased with the way that the previous audiobook C, part two, came together, and worked out so well. I'm glad to offer these thoughts, as an introduction to the new part three. Anyway, Friday evening is here. Today's been kind of like getting into the second half of February. I

find plenty of happiness just in composing this article, and our supper time will be here soon, and we'll be on our way into the weekend. Well, it's just about bed time, *and I get this writing out, and try to work on finishing this first essay in book C, part three.* I can see, that it's nearly complete anyway, so not much left to do. This afternoon came and went quickly. But, I did get some time off to myself, to listen to some recent work, *and found it to be excellent.* It's definitely gone out to its audience... my music isn't mass appeal, *more like limited appeal...* but I can count on twenty or thirty downloads, at least,



most weeks. *So, seen in this way, I'm fairly successful, for a limited appeal type of sound.* Well, when I think about the work which the spirit has done in my life, over just the recent five years, it's clear that *I'm in an angelic cradle... it's work... and it's good work, when it comes up.* So, for these reasons, I just have to express gratitude. At any rate, It's starting to get late, tonight, *and I'm fairly sleepy, so I guess I'll get on to bed.* Well, the next day, Saturday, skies are clearing, and the temperature is colder... more like middle February. There is a lot of news happening, in the land, such as the southern

border crisis, and the presidents impeachment troubles, *it's nice to be pretty much outside of those issues.* I pray that I'll keep in mind, how others' problems are a lot worse than mine, and not be so quick to get defensive, or criticize. It's a very big world, and a useful illustration to help me see the immensity of our planet Earth, is to see how, when the northern hemisphere is experiencing winter, moving into spring, *the southern hemisphere is immersed in summer heat, and is transitioning into autumn and winter.* That's how immense the distances are, from north to south, as you move your latitude southward. At any

rate, when I need to peer outside of my limited, narrow world view, to better approach today's reality, it's highly useful to play the music of others... especially live shows, are useful for this effect... you quickly can hear the internal dynamics of a modern rock band playing live, and be somewhat drawn into thinking about those inner relationships... *you forget about your own troubles entirely.* The meditation I'm doing to try and overcome my migraine pain, involves imagining shimmying my lower torso, however I can do this, *to make it harmonized with my top half.* Just, apply the strong leverage you can bring with the

inner viscera sense, and let it blend away  
the lateral pressures on the sides of my  
head. So, when you have a practice, which  
works, to relieve the pressures on your  
mind... *you'll tend to do that particular  
visualization.* At any rate, these are the  
first thoughts which come to mind, this  
morning, and I write them into this new  
essay. Boy, when I've got a thoughtful way  
about me... I'm pretty sure that I think too  
much, because, the nature of the world, is  
such that, people just know how to take  
care of themselves... *most people don't  
need any guidance.* My own life is so  
circumspect, that I just like to keep pen and

paper nearby at all times, *so that I can jot down the thoughts that pass through, on their way to somewhere else.* Many people would love to be outside of most of life's concerns, as I somewhat am... *but closer to the truth, is that people of the world are fiercely independent, and wouldn't trade their liberties for anything.* So, I always try to keep that in mind, as I'm painting my impressionistic washes, and likenesses. *People who are surviving in the world, don't have any particular need of me, or my meta analysis.* My latest record is something like a sonic journey, *which offers the commodity of kindness... it's not*

*there to detract from anyone's game. I think I worry myself too frequently... when those people all can take care of themselves. Well, I've given just a little example of the kinds of useless thinking which I want to try and avoid at all costs. I think, that there's a lot of doubt afflicting my mind right now... this is why it is so imperative to see how, 'Today is just as wonderful a day, as any that has ever been,' is such a good way to think, and see. I wonder if maybe I was a butterfly in my previous life... because I definitely have the ways of going from flower to flower... if you're trying to get the best of me, don't*

you know, that I won't know of it, or much care. I'm just on my usual rounds, and I'll be just trying these different flowers for the foreseeable future... this is being happy for an indefinite period of time... with no thoughts of anything different... *just taking in the blessings*. On the one hand, my words are what the matter tends to be, but when they reflect just a simple nature, *then maybe you'll forgive me my perhaps overly thoughtful ways*. If these words make any sense to you, I'll be glad. *I just don't want to be a contrarian... when the good is so overflowing, and abundant*. Well, I'll think about wrapping these ideas up, and adding

them in with the others. I'll send this article along your way, now. Greg.

~

As I think about getting further along into this part three, of this audio book C, this afternoon, *I'm led into thoughts of mystery supreme... and, how our universe is enfolded in mysteries.* Maybe a good way of looking at God's universe, is as an enormous, unfathomably immense volume, *which is somehow all connected by a*



*central OM, or omniscience, which allows  
for instantaneously being anywhere.*

*(Some readers will say, 'What is he talking  
about?')* But, I might can imagine how, you  
just have to know where that central OM is,  
to make this kind of central omniscience of  
any real use to yourself. *You won't know,  
about it, until later, in the eventuality that  
you've laid aside your fleshly incarnation,  
and ascended into the next realm.* We tend  
to think, that we mortals are subject to  
decay, and aging, and that the higher  
ascended beings aren't susceptible to  
decay, or aging. The one is enfolded in an  
dense material universe, *which is always*

*bound by constraints of linear time.* The other, doesn't have to adhere to strictures of the flow of time... *and can freely exist outside of such.* But, I might would suggest that aging still affects celestial beings... as the stars in the sky are constant and eternal from the human perspective, *but their lives are measured in billions of years... far longer than a human life span.* Writing like this is interesting, in that such involves using one's imagination, *while still staying within the field of an benevolent intelligent higher being.* The mind can make leaps of insight when in this state, *and I'm for one looking forward to seeing what these*

*dreams might contain.* There's another way of seeing, which suggests that we are flickering candles, at night, in a vast field, or a plaine... *and the wind's blowing, and these candles are just very dim from very far away.* There's a 'local OM,' and there's a 'non local OM,' depending on whether the being is higher, or lower in vantage of the '*Grand design.*' In many ways, we have vast mobility, but in other ways, we just kind of stay where we are. Wherever I am, is the center of my Universe, and there's no need to leave the center of my Universe. So, people tend to remain somewhat local. But, some are taken with the literature bug,

and feel they must seek out writers, and artists, and their communities... no matter where they might happen to be. If a person has a strong love in their heart, *then they won't be subject to the ever changing whims and transient vagaries which ensnare the undecided.* If I want to, I can remain stationary, *and start my enclave from right where I am.* There's no need to move one's geographic, or physical locale, to some place better. At any rate, these are a few thoughts, this fair afternoon in the second week of February. It's just past our afternoon snack, now, and we're thinking about the evening ahead, and the hopes and

dreams we may have, in this night.

Tomorrow's new morning should be sunny and cold, and we have another whole day and night, before the new work week

begins. *Don't you know, not to try and bother an angel in his heavens? I'll be just doing my thing, like a butterfly, and going from flower to flower... I won't be thinking of you, or of your thoughts of me, either one.* I'm just making my regular passes through this area, and I've no thought of going to sleep, or stopping my browsing, anytime soon. *At any rate, I hope you can see how a given Saturday in February is only what you make it into.* I am of the

opinion, that this kind of literary divining  
is precisely what I wish to be doing,  
compared to all of the other things to do,  
on a day like this one. *Building this text  
document, and setting it against this  
particular sound scape is my practice.* At  
any rate. It's getting along into this  
afternoon, now. I'm remembering how  
strength usually comes from within one's  
own self. *Especially, as looking out past  
myself becomes less appealing, or as I  
grow lonely, for the familiar warmth that  
one can only find through looking wholly  
within.* Remembering one's breathing, and  
feeling the bond of life this faculty

recollects is not like anything else that I know of. The roaming point, around which my language collective hovers, is a familiar kind of grounding, *and part of me wants to embrace these friendly presences, at that level, and to reassure myself that I'll be alright, one way or another.* At any rate, it sure is good to get any trouble behind ones self, and to definitely find a good 'back stretch.' There are times when emotions are so distracting, that I would somewhat rather get my piano out, *and allow them to be expressed as music.* I tell myself, that, 'I'm only human,' and sometimes emotions want to be expressed. For many people,

this isn't so easy, but if one has a musical or artistic talent, such is completely within reach. And, when you've been keeping a journal like this for a long time, you instinctively know how to do work in various circumstances. Sometimes an incremental style, of composing, is just right, *and if you'll mull over each increment, you'll find a gradually progressive language flowing, onto the page.* Some of the characters that go into making any given life journey are known for being temper mental, or fussy, *One can't always avoid a little fuss.* Such as myself, a mental health consumer, and not



having a collegiate diploma, or certificate,  
I have to rely on my good wits to get me  
through, if I'm doing writing, or music  
production, I'll just have to know how to  
survive in the context I'm working in. *It's  
as basic as knowing to keep your  
headphones at a soft, ambient level, or you  
lose the connection with your environment,  
and that doesn't work, and isn't healthy. At  
any rate. When we think about spirit  
guidance, it's best that we remember, that  
the ordinary types of choices, when they  
are in an ordinary context, and framework,  
and are given of one's best reasoning, will  
definitely stand the test of time, and*

*present the usual good results. If a gift is given whole heartedly, then you'll have good results. In the ordinary sense of adhering to the usual standards, you'll move through and past the challenge. The crucial insight, really is, that when a gift is given, whole heartedly, then one will be equipped to face and deal with the future, this goes without saying. So, when you're not sick in any way, other than your usual types of mind frames, such as mild depression, I would be glad for the acquisition, and that I'm equipped to deal with the future, no matter what, as far as that goes. So, and that's really all there is*

to it. A simple question gets a simple answer. If you've ever labored over a thing, only to look back and say, '*Why did I let that get at me?*' You'll know what I'm talking about, here. You don't have to ascend to any standard of absolute perfection, or beauty, in your artistic pursuits... just let someone see what you can come up with. People will know how to take care of themselves, *and most anyone would resent the idea, that the good in life hangs in the balance of one simple fluttering angel... or butterfly... this is not sound reasoning.* So, if you're wondering how you'll make it through the hurdles, and

narrows, which will come, just remember  
to push on through... there's no better  
wisdom than that. So, if you're given a  
healthy system, in general, you can make  
successful artistic comments, *without*  
*feeling like you're in a perilous*  
*predicament*. Just these words, of advice...

People know how to take care of  
themselves, and the 'artist' isn't in charge of  
taking care of anyone but himself. Well,  
just some thoughts. It's so good, when  
your words are generally thought to be  
good, and true, and one's best guidance  
isn't so much tossed into the winds of fate  
and happenstance, as given as thoughtful

guidance, *which anyone could use, no matter the time.* A test, like sometimes comes when you doubt yourself, in a particular manner, any self doubt, at all, can be allowed to restore your good faith and belief in the healthy system, as it is, and reinforce the basic concept, of, how a person knows how to take care of him or her self. *So, there it is.* Have you ever thought how many ways there are to see any given thing... how wrong it is to let your views of modern art for instance, get narrow or restrictive? *So, always refrain from narrow or restrictive ways to see any thing, any musical or artistic output.* At

any rate. As an example, you should see how, any portrait, for instance, usually stands for, *'The artist, looking out across Hope's bright land of promise.'* And not to waver from this general way. This is a modern writer, as well, so the best thoughts about the right way to see, are easy to come by, in the usual times and circumstances of daily life. *So, wise words, are a cherished companion, no matter the day and hour.* I

would hope that this observation, is remembered and kept close by us always.

At any rate, there's a sense faculty in the gut... a viscera sense. *I think I can put this particular sense ability, this which sees*

*and follows, no matter what is the particular angle, on life... to the task, and I will still find good comprehension. See?*

And, this pretty much goes without saying, but, I for instance have never stopped, and cognized this unique faculty... *it took this writing, to really regard that part of my self.*

So, maybe this is the reason we do art, or music, or literature... *because an artist or writer has ideas, and wants to make others see his or her meanings... he wants to make people see, or convey, outwardly, what he sees.* At any rate.

Looking within one's own self is the surest bet, for good writing, that I know of. I

think, that the way to do this, is to somewhat focus on one's breathing... the muscles below the diaphragm pull it down, and I breathe air in, filling my lungs. The muscles above my diaphragm pull it upwardly, and I exhale, pushing air out of my lungs. If I think about it, I can see that my consciousness is centered at a roaming point, which tends to stay around my sense of breath control. This roaming point has a sense of verbal fluency, which hovers, around it, like the moons around a planet... *seeing this faculty of verbal fluency, is an understanding which is as close to home, as you can get.* So, you might not



find a closer group, than your language fluency center. At any rate, these are a few thoughts, this morning. I hope you see how a writer's voice is a cherished thing, and it's not given very lightly. *An effective voice, can show such light, that you would even be inclined to reverse your whole way of seeing.* Smart people keep this power of the language in their heart, like it is a sacred jewel... *and are sparing, and careful of how they use this most potent, and precious resource... their own good sense, and language fluency.* I've seen it turn darkest night into day time... *and healthy hope, and promise, just many times.*

Similarly, a beautiful piece of music, can restore belief, and hope, in the darkest of times. Most anyone can think of times when a powerful melody has saved the day, despite the darkness that haunts nations, during and after difficult wars, and in times of sickness or plague, such of which we've seen in recent years... as well as in times of poverty, and famine... and just how would whole peoples have dealt with devastating natural disasters, such as earthquakes, and tsunamis, *with out the right music to make romantic, and anew, the patriotism that holds many nations together, during difficult times.* I'm thinking that this is a

pretty good essay, for me, and I'll take it gratefully, and finish it up, and add it in with the others. Well, my best hopes for a happy, and fruitful Spring, and new Summer to come. All for now, I'll send this along your way now. Greg.

~

*I wrote about this, last year, and I think it bears re stating:* The west coast talk radio show, from the early eighties, which I mentioned, earlier, had a main host, and he

would have guests to join him, to promote their latest book project, usually, and they would take callers, from throughout California... wherever their radio signal would reach, I think, originating from southern California. At any rate, I've listened back to many of these programs, from an online archive, of these programs... they are in rotation, in my podcasts folder on my personal jukebox. *Anyways, one evening, there was a caller, who was calling in to talk to one of the guests, and he was an amazingly advanced soul... you could tell, he was an experienced astral traveler.* He got started talking about his

views on the afterlife. He noted, to the female guest, on the program, *that the Universe is an infinite volume, of space and matter... not a finite volume, but an infinite volume of space and matter.* He suggested, that there are an infinite number of habitable Earth like planets, *in a technologically advanced stage, in an infinite Universe.* This, he surmised, is an obvious fact, *which is still somewhat elusive, and many people over look it.* The Heavenly Father, he mused, additionally, is a sensitive, tender, compassionate, loving, and wise Father, who only wants the all around best for their child. *This, he*

*guessed, is the guiding force, which settles the particulars of any reincarnation, which the soul might experience...* into a real Earth like planet, in an galaxy like our own, not a hologram, or an illusion, or a computer program, but a real Earth like planet, in a similarly advanced state, or thereabouts, ***wherein the child can live a healthy, happy, and human childhood, and enjoy hot meals, and cold water, and even experience his share of the soothing human touch.*** So, this is the most likely future, for when a person passes away... not at all the angry, wrathful, strict, or otherwise unsavory Father type concepts,

which certain Church views may espouse...  
in which many elements of a societal guilt  
trip, *mingle in with a terrible Wizard of Oz*  
*type of demigod type of concept... who is*  
*incapable of human emotion, or*  
*tenderness, and who only wishes to hurt,*  
*and destroy his or her own offspring.* The  
caller's view, I think, is the real view of a  
gentle, and tender Father, who will only be  
contented when his child is treated fairly,  
and is given a healthy life, where any  
lessons missed in one's lifetime, can be  
easily made up, in an Earth like  
environment, *where the child has a whole*  
*new life situation, and is entirely forgiven*

*of any developmental issues, like mistakes, or simple blind, un enlightened blunders, which the child may have inadvertently stumbled into, and been 'rail roaded' into.*

Anyway, you can see, how the modern views of the afterlife, with the horrors of *infinite devilry, and hellatious damnation* apparently awaiting anyone who ever *'unwittingly blundered,'* and wound up with a chemical imbalance, ***isn't really the honest view of things.*** If we were really thoroughly honest with ourselves, we would see, how dispossession can happen to anyone, and the point of life isn't to destroy the evil seed, *but to let it repeat the*



*lesson, and get it right, instead of wrong.*

If we were really honest with ourselves, we would see that our particular planet, *is succept able to ego distortion*, and the colliding world views of our information technology *appears to get some kids 'onto the rocks,' and entirely out of their 'safe zone.'* These types of mistakes, become bigger blunders, and then you have a whole tangle, *and many other people will have been affected.* At any rate, these might be men and women, sinners, who entered into an full fledged, healthy and enlightened state, *and then branched out, and diversified, into an much broader diaspora,*

*and they and their adherents may have blundered, unintentionally, and might have experienced success and failure, and even sometimes, regrettably have ended up broken on the rocks... where dispossession happens in some, and some terrible crime, sometimes happens. At any rate, you can see, for instance, when there is a lot of somewhat unreckoned high definition media content being permanently archived every hour of every day, you sometimes have a chemical imbalance, and people's wits get over taxed, and weak people, sometimes blunder and become borderline, and fall astray. **This also appears to be***

**part of the modern day 'facts of life.'** Set  
backs are a part of living. At any rate, our  
society might well be Byzantine in the  
extreme... *can you possibly prove  
otherwise?* Can you prove that the Earth  
isn't flat? Of course you can, *but I doubt  
that a crazy person would listen!* At any  
rate, is it not true, that some of us are being  
asked to learn how to partner with the  
invisible spaces which encompass our  
living beings... *effectively learning to talk,  
and work, and just partner in general with  
space people.* I think that this, for these  
people, is an evolutionary leap forward...  
but, I think, only for a few, who are really

called into it consciously. *These people will show leadership, in our society... but only in a 'limited appeal,' kind of way... as in 'esoteric piano,' or parapsychology literature, in general... which a few will always be attracted unto... but it's not for everyone, that's for sure.* Well, at any rate, I'll wrap these ideas up, and bring this essay to a close, now. *Well, today's been a rough day on me, personally... what with crazy thoughts, that kept on and on, putting me in impossible positions... I for one am ready for bed.* I slept well, and it's the next morning, and I'm going over my recent article's thinking, to see how the ideas

stand up when used conversationally... this is a mental exercise... like talking to the walls. When I wish to know more about the 'enigmas which vex me,' I'll get my word processor keyboard out, and jot down some thoughts, as they occur to me. *I'm working on solving mysteries, without much to go on... except my writer's voice, and trying various ways of seeing the same thing.* Looking back at a few recent chapters, of this audio book series, some are clearer thinking, and writing, and others are less. When my thoughts appear scattered, or vague, or when my flow of ideas isn't coherent, or has grammatical

errors, I tend to lose confidence and belief in myself, and this to me is a vulnerability.

So, thinking of my own best guidance, often involves going back to previous work, and fixing these types of mistakes, *because I know I'll be glad I did, and I'll then have a better time with them, if I will.*

Well, today is Tuesday, and my ideas, this morning, are spacy, so I tell myself, to try the incremental approach. We're getting a

lot of moisture from the Gulf of Mexico, and it's expected to culminate in strong storms, for the East coast, by the weekend.

Looking at the occasional play of ideas, in my mind, as they arise, can be useful in

somewhat figuring out what the time period is about... you might would think that everybody's ideas are different, how can one person's ideas be relational to another's? Well, we all are spiritual people, and we're all somewhat enmeshed in the same spatio spiritual fabric... believe it or not, all minds are connected on some level, and contemporary unfoldments, joined in space and time, are sometimes inter relational, and may be exponents of similar families. At any rate, I'm sitting here, on this bed, and inputting these thoughts into this smart device's word processor keyboard. When I wish to start a flowing

of thought onto a page, I can try some thought jazz. Getting into the mentality of a musician, and just joining licks and hooks, into phrases, and musical passages, *you'll be down the page in no time.* The nice thing about jazz and instrumental music in general, is that it needn't convey any particular message... it's just musical expression, and is just as applicable, no matter what is in the mind of the listener... instrumental music is just a flow of notes and phrases in the empty air... *and the listener makes it mean what ever he wishes to... what ever is in his mind.* It can mean most anything. As I'm thinking, and



writing these thoughts, I'm listening to the light flowing of ongoing from down the hall, the television sounds are clear, and some of them rise above, and get past my head phones, which are at an ambient level, so as not to block out sound. I'm noticing that 'Piece 6,' from this *Nature's Youth* album playback, is a nice piece of music, *and the piano playing is a strong accompaniment to the other sounds reaching my ears.* This incremental style of composing used in writing this article is completely sufficient, and it's interesting to see how the thoughts flow down the page, when read as a paragraph, all together. It's

also interesting to see how, everything happening, is somewhat meaningful, and might be an culmination, seen from most any junction... *ordinary life sometimes mimics the hallucinatory state, and while this writing this morning is just good work, as I'm finding it to do, for myself, I can kind of make my perspective small, and see how the overall flowing is rich in meaning...* I think that the interior context, at any given time, is something that is dependent on '*where the reader's perspective is coming in from.*' whether from a crowded lecture hall, or a business meeting, or just from their car interior,

listening to an information program on their car radio. You can see, as well, that these words going onto this page, are meaningful in themselves, *and will make sense, and 'fit in,' depending partly on the context in which they are played back.* So, it's just that easy... new literature, new content can be developed, just by incrementally jotting down observations, at the pace which the thoughts are arising.

*Slow, or fast, they'll be heard back coherently, as a flowing of language.* But, such might well be a 'Much ado about nothing,' and who is really to say, if not the listener or reader, depending on if he or she

is able to follow what is being said? At any rate, if I have to somewhat vegetate, and not really get anywhere, intellectually, then that's just what I do. But, only until a stronger idea arises, and my article really gets along down my page. I think, that the visceral 'gut sense,' can be employed, to deal with tension migraines, like solving on an mechanical or design engineering problem... how best can I dissolve the lateral pressure which I feel at most any time, by seeing and feeling it, in a tactile sense, *and manipulating my inner appendages, and center of beingness to somewhat massage it away?* So, it may

appear that I'm just sitting here, inputting thoughts with this blue tooth keyboard, but there is an 'inner view,' and a field of what is 'grasped,' or manipulated, by the mind's subtle will, and the astral light body. You should see through this writing, that most anything can be made into good content... just through paying attention to the 'inner radio,' reception, and making note of these things on paper, or your word processor screen. *And this can be a greatly empowering exercise, and suffice to reinforce grounding and stability in the day to day changing natures of the mind.* Well, it's shortly before a break, and refreshment

time, here, and I think about how these paragraphs are going to sound, mixed in with the others... I always enjoy listening back to a recently expanded chapter, *and seeing the ways a new essay can make me feel, and if the overall meaning is changed, or is modified, or is merely embellished.*

At any rate, I am listening to the green tree frogs, and other chirping things in my newest audio sound scape, and inwardly looking forward to the March and April transitions, and the summertime changes ahead. I've spent this good morning just brainstorming on good ideas to include in this audio book chapter, and have gotten it

a bit further along. I'll wrap these ideas up,  
and add them in with the others, now. All  
for now, Greg.

~

As I go to peer within the blank word  
processor page, I just try and jot down the  
first few ideas which arise... as one doesn't  
always much know quite what is beneath  
the surfaces of the waters of the collective  
unconscious... *we can kind of get down*

*what ever is first out, and make an estimation from that.* Wow, when I consider, at times, the distances between worlds of life, I have to wonder what will be required to get any connection between them. *But, I can see how, an occasion of pleasant attitude, and friendly demeanor, would be wholly sufficient.* At any rate, I'm pondering over these ideas, and deciding which to include to finish this part three of this book C audiobook. If I had to say, I most appreciate literature of a mystic sort, wherein notions of vast spans of time being magically transcended, and flowing robes, and tapestries set the scene for rich musical



imaginings, *and poetic musings, and where animal lore and nature magic are around every turn.* There would be a secret window into time, near which the breezes would quicken, and the pulse would race. The children would know how going to the magic window might would create irreversible changes, but it's allure, and it's mystique draws them back, time and again... *to know of not only the future, but of the past, and of virtually anything requested of it.* At any rate, this is the sort of ending which I think would work good for this audiobook part three... as such can make a strong argument for *inner powers,*

*special abilities, and can even conjure  
thoughts of legendary heroics... of  
dragons slain, and treasures procured.*

Can you follow my simple reasoning, and  
hearken to a kind of '*majestic now*,' a time  
steeped in such bewildering beauty, and  
curiosity that words and descriptive  
language spill over their constraints, and  
spontaneously decorate and embellish the  
scene with an artistic flair, and the myriad  
patterns of an ancient artist whose time  
shrouded handiwork flows through young  
and old alike, and can make the  
impoverished wealthy, and the blind to  
see? Surely, if I use this language to

conclude this audiobook part three, you'll feel touched by rarest beauty, and somewhat enfolded by a song of such delight, *that you'll see through changed eyes, and never look at planet Earth the same way again.* Well, I feel as if I'm starting a whole other story, but I'm just offering this as a playful prelude to part four, *and as a kind of evocation unto the Mysteries within ones own self, and a promise of at least some wonder...* as, just what has been developed now? *And, to whence will we proceed?* At any rate, I loved fantasy and science fiction reading when I was young, and occasionally I

intersperse a little bit in my own work.

*Maybe you'll see yourself in my mirror, as an exponent of the good that can be, and as a success story just waiting to be told. If you can't through this yarn find escape, and enrichment, then just quite what can you find? Maybe you don't know, or aren't very familiar with artistic or literary convention... I'll be glad to help you settle within yourself what the nature of magic, and literary and artistic expression can together create. Maybe you'll realize your very own vision, and manifest your brood's wild imaginations and populate your own bookshelves... with works which, for*

*yourself are a kind of holy scriptures, and  
which you will always cherish, and keep,  
with a fervency and a careful  
determination. Well, all for now, I'll send  
this along your way, now. Greg.*

~

**SOME PEOPLE'S COURSE WILL** *have  
developed their mind, and spirit... and  
their mind's energies are given into a craft,  
which is a 'mixed bag,' of sorts, like media  
developing and publishing, and which*

*eventually somewhat turns their mind back upon itself.* I don't know how common this

is, or if a few thousand, or hundred thousand, or more people have to deal with

this... *I myself first encountered such around my age twenty seven, as I became*

*called to write.* The early twentieth century art movement called Surrealism

had a central maxim, coined by Andre

Breton, which went like...

***'(Life is like) A chance encounter, upon a dissection table, of an umbrella and a***

***sewing machine.'*** You see, some people's mind reaches so high, artistically, *but then*

*feels self conscious, or wrong in some*

*way... or at the middle life crisis... (Around age thirty, I had to deal with my life... and get serious about my talents... and get out of that dead end alcoholic life,)* My mind fairly collapsed back upon itself. When this happens, the person has to learn to develop a relationship with, both chaos, and dance. *When the mind collapses back upon itself, it's as if chaos takes over that mind, and so the person has to learn to be a 'snake charmer,' or a dancer.* This effect occurs throughout my media, especially my music. I'll reach so high, artistically, then my mind turns back around on itself, as if, as you can imagine, a locomotive is on the

track... *it has speed up so fast, that it outruns light itself, and so its head lamp bends around back upon itself.* This state, in which some people's art is done, *the Surrealists called the 'paranoid self critical,' state, or technique.* It's not as if the person has done anything wrong, or anything, it's just that he or she has 'expanded his mind,' and consciousness, and taken on powers, *and musical or artistic abilities, which he didn't strictly have, at his birth.* He has to create across and beyond his and so sits in the collective unconscious... the land of archetypes and symbols. And so many people live with



this kind of overflowing, flood stage river,  
so to speak... *Overly conscious... seeing  
too much... the chaos does threaten to  
overtake the person, and he has to use his  
'dances of spirit,' to smooth the waters  
back down.* I'm so blessed to be allowed to  
write about this topic, as I feel it's been  
needing speaking of for some time.

Anyways, you can see, some of what I'm  
thinking of, this afternoon. *You see? My  
thoughts are visible.* Anyway, there was a  
thriving artistic community in the college  
town where I lived, during the height of my  
own artistic way faring. My sojourns took  
me into the community of artists... I

thought that I would try playing keyboard in a band or two, *but this was a failure, don't mention it.* I had bad headaches, the likes of which I didn't know what to do with, but I would put cough medicine in my body, to try and get relief from these bad migraines... *mixing street drugs with cough medicine. Don't dare try this! This quickly swamped my onstage appearances, a few times, into a swaggering, staggering, mind altered, hallucinogenic, drunken mess.* But, one or two people took pity on myself.

There was (M) the 'card carrying' Surrealist, and (R) the museum curator, who in his off time, was an expert rock

band leader. I intersected these guys lives, and I didn't do very well, and had to leave.

But, (M) especially had a heart for my plight. *The main reason I mention these people, is because the Surrealist ways, and ways of seeing the world, which they espoused of, were to later become my way, and my practice.* Of course it was three years later, after I had moved back to my home town, that I became introduced, or 'indoctrinated,' *(I really was,)* into the '*Mysteries of the Invisible World.*' At any rate, *to make a long story short, there were, a course of a sort of a five year introductory period, give or take a few*

*months, following my high school graduation, when I was living and working in a bachelor's life, and trying to 'hang out,' and participate in drinking parties, as well as drinking alone... and using narcotics... trying in all the wrong ways to find any spiritual light... and boy I made some blunders, and created some unreal artistic creations, and chaos, unintentionally, and tried, and failed to play in the music community... and had to return home... **I had failed.** But, there I got myself an efficiency apartment, and started a normal job. The job lasted six months, before I sensed that the Good Lord was*

going to work in my life, and I had to quit my job... I guess, honestly, I had just lost control of my 'desk top,' and my time card, which kept track of the hours I worked, got so chaotic looking, over the span of one or two weeks, that my boss really noticed, because without an accurate time card, there wasn't any good record of the hours I had worked... I was so crushed, that I quit, and went home to my efficiency apartment.

*Thus began my life in the presence of the Spirit.* At any rate, this came along with a difficult agitated, restless condition, which I self medicated at every chance I got, and which drove me to, after years of addiction,

and at the end of my rope, have a serious suicide attempt in early nineteen ninety eight. So that's the short version of my own indoctrination into the Spirit world, *and that wasn't the end of my problems, because five years later, in two thousand and three, I had another serious suicide attempt... this time even worse than the first.* So, but since I recovered from that, I've spent the last twenty one years in group, boarding, and foster home relationships. This type of living arrangement allows me to continue my artistic pursuits, (as I was somewhat nurtured to do,) and to be in the constant

company of other warm heart ed persons,  
like myself, and to eat my meals with  
others like myself, and stay on my  
medicine, and not start back drinking, no  
matter what. So that's the short synopsis.  
At any rate. And thirty years later, it's still  
a matter of knowing up from down...  
without the insight, the decision to do  
right, not wrong, I fail. Maybe this is the  
crisis our society is going through...  
successive generations, repeating the same  
mistakes... and a few new ones, worse  
ones... without the desire to do right, some  
do wrong. Because both ways are there...  
only one is right. *Knowing, somewhat, how*

*to 'pick my self up by my boot straps,' I get  
a new day started, and it's after my  
breakfast, and medicines, and shower, and I  
sit trying to get these ideas down into my  
word processor keyboard. I don't know  
quite what is troubling me, but I've got a  
pretty good idea... so I set about trying to  
cosmetically remedy my recent writing, so  
as to deal with it. The early nineteen  
nineties were something else, for myself...  
I bent and broke several rules, and it was  
only by my wits, and the grace of God that  
I survived... after having written about that  
formative period, I have to somewhat  
'smooth the waves back down.'* I guess that



is natural... so that's just what I try and do.

At any rate. *This man I am is completely remade in the light of spirit.* I sit at this word processor keyboard, this afternoon, and get a few thoughts down into it's memory. The day has passed pleasantly, *and I'll be glad to sit down to supper time, and think about the night.* I had two pastries, and a cup of tea at our break time at three thirty, and the tea's warmth has made me contented and full of bliss. I sit and write these thoughts.

I've thought recently, about how I've written so many years for this audio journal... *such that I may have to give it*

*up.* If my hour to hour migraine management doesn't improve, I'll have to bring it to a close. I think, as well, that my readership has expanded, and I'm getting my first taste of some popular appeal. *So, I don't think that this of itself will make me give it up.* I think that it is easy, these days, for myself to make mistakes, and misjudgments, in writing these chapters. So, this is probably my main nemesis, and the most important thing to avoid. There is the world of half truths, assumptions, false claims, and deceptive, or misleading ideas, *which I most definitely want to avoid.* This would be the fastest way that I know of for

me to get into trouble with a reader, so I want to avoid this. As I'm sitting here, I try a yoga visualization, *and so inwardly raise my arms up past the sides of my head toward the heavens.* The light I would find used to be so strong, just from doing this, but now I can see, how I'm virtually washed out in the light of many new readers... my simple visualization techniques aren't enough to change the predicament. But, this isn't a 'migraine,' as I usually think of them, just kind of a wiped out sort of frame of mind... but if I try I can collect my thoughts. *But speaking for my own self, the small roaming point of*

*consciousness is all I really have... so this is probably what I should focus on. At any rate, a person might say, 'I'm this,' or 'I'm that,' but if you're like myself, you're principally a person who uses tools. I'll usually have a notebook and pen... this is rudimentary, but it's the entry way into most any literary or artistic avocation.*

Well, I'm so up lifted, and redeemed by my higher accessional presence, off to my side, that I just have to tell of it... *I'm given real work, and strong ideas, when I thought I was completely overwhelmed.* I'm just glad to be in the presence of an strong familiar, as this answers to the sense of loneliness,

and isolation, *and offers promise of a higher way. This is the power of the spirit's word, as I see it. Such can turn night into day, and I've seen this so many times.* I'm so amazed, as well, by how well our society works as one, and stays on course, any given morning, and I'm always glad to see any proof that we're in normal ranges... sometimes I feel like, well, like dysfunction is the new normal, and my system is on the verge of collapse. But, I know, that this is a false view, *it's just the way my life challenges make me feel, on the inside. Sometimes I feel so inept, and incapable, when faced with a difficult mind*

*frame, that I want to give up.* In the in  
between hours I'm often somewhat just  
overwhelmed, *only it takes a willing spirit,*  
*to lead me into a more of a 'promised*  
*successful path.'* I have to remember  
spirit's powers, *and the ways of how*  
*strong, higher accessional words can turn*  
*night into day... I have seen this happen*  
*enough times that I should know it,* but the  
light gets so dim sometimes. At any rate,  
you can see some of my common  
predicament. Well, I've shared some of  
what I can see, through spirit's providence,  
*only, I'm 'small in faith.'* *I have to be*  
*shown the power, time and again, for me to*

*believe.* It's always important to spot and go around negative critical thinking patterns... *and not act in this way.* If you'll see your mind like a 'unified field,' you'll understand how 'personalities,' can be a help, but they can be such a hinderance, and an obstacle. *Especially this is the case, when a 'personality' takes a negative or oppositional stance, which the person doesn't want, or need, or have any use of.*

These types of 'negative critical personalities,' which enter into a wholesome, healthy field are of no help whatsoever in successful group living. *So, they, and their usual trouble, can be*

*discarded as unwanted.* Me, I'm not the hard type to work with. I'm usually so glad to have any work to do whatsoever, that I can't allow these oppositional voices to have any sway... I'll be grateful, thankful... it's my usual way. *If you ask me, **there's something called a 'wounded hero,' archetype.*** When a person is in a vulnerable position, and 'out on a limb,' as in a prolific publishers' path, you'll be somewhat easier to ensnare into negative critical thinking, and the usual tit for tat argumentative ways which develop in work place environments. *If a negative critical personality has done any damage, then*



*repentance is the way I would go.* At any rate. You can see some of my thoughts, this morning, *because I have written them out into this smart device's word processor, and I guess they'll just be a part of my newest book of such thoughts.* And this is the way I would go, this morning. I hope my reader has, through these words, seen some good illumined walking, and sees the ways I would 'show forth.' At any rate, I know I have a chemical imbalance, for instance, when I get off to myself, and start laughing at jokes which no one else is aware of... this is something akin to the sum damage the world has done at any

given time, *and I'm often given to laughing*  
*at 'invisible' jokes, and things that are*  
*'only in my head.'* This is my usual way as  
well, I don't go far without at least some  
'mental fantasizing,' and this sometimes  
gets me off course... *as friends and*  
*associates then sometimes place judgments*  
*on behavioral patterns. But, this is quite*  
*normal, for a person who stays to him or*  
*her self, this absorption, and heightened*  
*'fantasy life.'* Thoughts are kind of like the  
ways in which spirits build language  
structures, like articles, essays, and  
papers... especially as in the written word.  
They can also be turned against a person,

and used maliciously against that person.

I've seen both... people who allow personalities to do permanent damage in relationships... *and those who as a rule, tend to avoid letting negative critical personalities have any sway in our friendships... much less destroying our closely kept relationships, and doing harm to our 'society of souls.'* And, I've seen both. At any rate. Walking in spirit's graces, and in the light of family, and friendship, *is something that some of us just need help with... what with some of our susceptibility to negative critical thinking...* a competitive, and winning personality is

one thing, but when he or she is so  
susceptible to negative critical ideation,  
and *'fussing and fighting,'* we want to spot  
that poor person, because it's he or she who  
most needs help. And, I'm grateful to have  
these words to write, this morning.... for  
the vast majority of people, thoughts and  
spiritual ideals and values, and good  
'philosophy of mind,' goes unwritten... and  
tends to evaporate, leaving the person with  
nothing to show for the time. So,  
*possessing the gift of writing, or even of  
just typing, or keyboarding, is a talent,  
which in the right hands, can indeed  
change lives, and motivate positive growth.*

I can think of just numerous writers *who offered such inspiration to the 'childhood me,' that I'm still trying to recapture some of their magic.* I'm sure some of you can relate. Good books are what children need, more than anything. Start with good books... even encyclopedias, and old textbooks... these things can stir a child's soul into a lifetime of accomplishment. At any rate, I'll wrap these thoughts up, and add them in with the others. All for now,  
Greg.

I'm going to start some new writing, this afternoon, just for the sake of tomorrow morning's good beginning... and we've got thirty minutes until our three oh clock snack break, and I figure I can make a pretty good start in thirty minutes. The previous article was a combined product of two separate journal entries, on consecutive days. I used deep recollection and told my reader some of my innermost secrets, and offered numerous assists in understanding the 'early years' of questing, when the answers are fewer and harder to find.

*Believe it or not, this is the way that the early years of many transpersonal journeys will begin... between the substances you wrongly put in your body, and genuine artistic discovery, there, for myself, weren't many real discoveries... for a five year period, my life was overshadowed by a lot of artistic dead end alley ways, and personal mistakes... I thought that the light would never shine in my life, without hallucinogens... but, following that period of five wandering years, the Good Lord let me into the 'inside conversation,' although it took another five years, for me to realize that my life and mind were part of a larger*

*community... and even then, I had to get the suffering out of my life, first. And then, unbelievably, there was an additional five years, starting in nineteen ninety nine, when I pursued my 'bachelor pad' lifestyle, and kept self isolating... this term ended with a serious suicide attempt in September of two thousand and three, **and then, finally, I realized I had to stay in the company of other warm hearted people like myself.*** But, I believe, also in the maxim which goes something like, '**Avoid ripening early... robbing self.**' Pre teen, and teenage years, I feel, are for reading good books, and



magazines... *not for fumbling around, distracted, and being troubled by the early years of spiritual enlightenment.* Loss of childhood innocence, though, for most, brings on chemical changes that the youth will not like, as most families have histories... I think that it's hard to be a teenager and not have to deal with inherited chemical imbalances, or tendencies toward mental illness. Well, at any rate. Now, with this article, *I think that I've really condensed the changes of the years into one easy to read essay... I hope you enjoy it, and can find some meaning and honest truth.* But I know that this won't be

enough, for some guys, and they'll look back, for answers, and say 'Why God? Why?' I hope that you aren't one of these people... and that you somehow make it through your changes. Anyway, these have been some thoughts, this sunny Friday afternoon in this fourth week in February this year. Well, I'm looking forward to a cold drink, and a bite to eat for a snack. There's a good amount on my mind, this afternoon... I've got a back log of new work to share, next week when I get to an internet connection... I'm expecting that my work load will get more difficult, but also, easier, when I've sent this work of three or

four recent weeks. The Good Lord is in charge, and we here are in a good neighborhood, so all will be good. At any rate, I'll continue putting a few ideas onto this media, as our afternoon gets along. I listen to some artists, not so much for their technical abilities, or purely abstract abilities, but because of the presence of 'the strange,' and 'the surreal,' in their performances. This is usually a talent which the artist, or pianist paints onto media somewhat impressionistically, sometimes constructing compositions 'on the fly...' and these are just some of the most fun journeys... *because they unfold*

*like real life... somewhat randomly, or accidentally, with elements of chance, and risk.* I'm interested also in the linguistic theory underlying all music. If you can see the language and ideas of a piece of music, you'll understand it better when you hear it played back. (The inverse also is true.)

Sometimes, after I've had too much to think, I'll ask God, '*Why is life so incomprehensible?*' Tonight, he answered me back, matter of factly, by saying, 'Because, we have to live with a dreaming, feeling, thinking, and seeing body... with one foot in the gray lands of imagination, and emotions, and thoughts... and the other

foot in the material world, with its pains, aches, illnesses, foul odors, and screaming sirens... and we're totally visible to the shadow world inhabitants... and we're bound unto the Earth, and can't fly away. *This is why life seems so incomprehensible sometimes.* We have to eventually pass away... die, perhaps as our fathers, and mothers have done before us, *and their fathers and mothers did before them.* So, living is somewhat serious, yet silly, and fraught with contradiction, and pain. But, if you'll use your common sense, *and remember that there is no higher authority on living, than the mature, fully flowered*

*adult... you yourself hold so many keys... chapters yet to be written. Faced with the hard challenges of being a publisher, my mind somewhat reels... at the ranges and depth of the 'human predicament.' As I further develop this article, I watch and listen to those about me, and begin to come to the inescapable conclusion, that we're all alike, in some very basic ways, and some of us are guided, like voyagers to the Holy Land, by spiritual idealism... and always hearken unto the clairion call... 'What does it profit a man, to seek the reality beyond, and above the 'corridors of the mind,' when this quest puts one in*

*communion with the ghosts of the collective unconscious... and makes us addiction prone, and given to easily develop obsessive compulsive repetition disorders?' I say, "What do I have to show for the time passed?" and "What have I brought back from my journey?" If I can answer these questions and have honest gains, at the end of the day, then my journeys will have been profitable.' So, if you ask me, what is the measure of a man, on this day, or that one, it's all in 'What equity have I added to my account?' 'Have I added any value to my account?' The answer here, I think, should be 'Yes, I've*

*built, and added value.'* But, not everyone will get this. *If you do, you can consider yourself most fortunate.* Likewise, I feel great gratitude, for spirit having worked these strong literary truths through my writers hands, into this audiobook... *I'm truly cradled by a benevolent higher power, because if I hadn't added any equity, I'd be one day poorer... but with this gain, I'm given a profitable days wages... and I stand improved.* Some people are support crew, and wise council... these have theirs... and, some people's spiritual journey will have taken them into a life of prolific literary accomplishment. *Is this not true?* What



further proof of a sentient, benevolent  
heavens could there be? I've been blessed...  
but I see too much... and I feel too much...  
such that I sometimes forget how to do  
simple things... and instead bemoan my  
helpless predicament... when anyone can  
see, *'You've got a lot going for you... you've  
got it all in spades... so be happy!'* This  
sounds like pretty good wisdom. At any  
rate. I was thinking about how blessed we  
are to be in a civilized, technologically  
advanced society. Just think back, say, four  
thousand years ago... paleo man didn't have  
many technologies at all... he was mostly  
limited to stone tools. *But he could knap*

*flint, to shape it into a sharp point.* This, he found, could be used as a knife, or scraper, or even arrow or spear tip. And, then, he knew how to make pottery. These were two of the biggest features of paleo society. *Pottery making, and flint knapping.* But, there were other pasttimes he could focus on... the ways of hunting, and foraging, trapping animals, cooking, and seasoning vegetation and game meat... and the finding and usage of natural plant based medicines. Others specialized in making bows, and arrows, *or building round houses.* Lengths of trees could be set in intervals into the ground, in a

circular design... then flexible branches and pelts, or furs could be worked into the outside to form a walled in structure... and the flexible tree tops could be brought into a circular gather at the top, that would let the central campfire smoke out. *The whole thing could be covered in pelts, and this technique could somewhat keep the rain out.* **Thriving in complete accord with the natural world was his forte.** His spirit was vast, and a strong ceremonial magic and wisdom tradition punctuated his days and nights. Teaching, and indoctrinating of the young was but part of his world. He had to hand down tribal and

mythic history as an oral tradition... *story telling and just wisdom keeping were very important.* But, while this brief description offers a sketchy account of the ways of paleo man, his depth of appreciation for the natural world, and a strong knowledge of the landmarks, and trail systems of his particular region *made him an expert at navigating the lands.* I believe that the nature and heavens saw in him a great hope and promise, for she knew, with his dexterous hands and digits, more advanced technologies and methods for making and using tools and instruments could be introduced, with the passage of years. *So*

*by now, we have a sophisticated, and technologically advanced society...* the amenities appointing our modern houses and dwellings make our lives much easier, *than even one hundred years ago*, and our medicine and surgical arts have extended human life span enormously. Educational institutions such as colleges and research hospitals specialize in developing and handing down the medical technological heritage, *and in all of the arts and sciences, and humanities.* Our industries are highly automated, so that assembly line workers don't have to be as specialized.

Our cities and neighborhoods are

interconnected with fiber optic information technology, *and instantaneous travel and communication is nearby at all times.*

Warehouse sized retail outlets carry a wide selection of everything the consumer could want to buy. *Transactions, for many people, are all electronic, so people don't have to use paper money much.*

For those who shop electronically, on the internet, shipping services can bring any product to your doorstep within the span of a day or two... *depending on if you're willing to pay for the quick delivery.* For those in need of medical examination or diagnostics, or treatment, *there are myriad*

*outpatient clinics within any municipality,  
so medical services are easily accessible.*

But, these days, farming, and ranching, and other food processing services, are costlier to operate, *so consumers are paying too much at retail locations.* The price of gasoline is quite high, making any shipping costlier, so goods on the shelves are priced more. *Qualified labor is hard to find, and businesses and stores are often understaffed.* But, when most people are willing to work, everything is cheaper. My own work history lasted eight or nine years, working in service, and retail, and other jobs... *but with myself, the introduction and*

*indoctrination into spiritual consciousness impacted my work career quite drastically, and I had to give up working with the public, for pay. But, I stay busy most days doing this writing, and music, and like to be able to offer new products monthly.*

Because if you have nothing to give back, in media, or craft, then I believe you're of no 'added value,' and this 'added value,' is what I think can play a positive role in our

*society... because there is a strong but quiet culture of readers and browsers, who are interested in amateur and independently made and produced media of different kinds. I've become a big fan of*



the audio book and podcasts types of media, because this affords reading and entertainment in uninterrupted expanses of an hour or more. (*Or less... my audio books are around forty five minutes in length.*) Well, at any rate, these have been a few thoughts. My mind is just covering a little of everything, right now, so this writing is kind of broad in scope, and follows a somewhat wide ranging topical coverage, because, *the ideas are in my head.* Whether or not the overall piece is cohesive, or makes sense overall, the reader will judge, but I've covered areas that were on my mind lately. Well, all for

now, I'll send this writing along your way  
now. Greg.

~

Well, I'm sitting on this bed, and am  
finished with my morning medicine,  
breakfast, chores, and hi jean, and try and  
see if there are any thoughts 'beneath the  
surface,' this morning. *There are some  
amazing stories within my recent few years'*  
*writing. You'll find them, if you listen*  
*receptively.* Sitting here, I am conscious of

a thirst in my stomach, and I make a note to myself, to get plenty hydration. *I've looked a ways into this portfolio, recently, and am sure that it's a well running archive, when it's focused on.* When a matter of pride arises, for instance, do you get angry and resentful, *or are you strong enough to allow the normal emotion?* This is an important quality, I would say, for an artist or producer to have... *a smallness of ego, and ability to take criticism.* Our 'first responders,' for instance, want to be men and women of temperance. Put your 'eggs,' in your hereditary 'egg basket.' *'Look full in the eyes of your Great Grand people's*

*world.'* They'll be glad to see you, if your closing some of your mental distances, with them. This might be all that it takes to lesson the cramping behind your right eye, for instance, this getting on the same page with your ancestors. *These are just some thoughts.* If you're living right, and not using crutches... if you're in touch with your therapeutic baseline... you should be able to 'square' with these ancestors. You can see how I tend to use language... I often use Christian metaphors, adapted for my more spiritualist concerns. *I start with the Christian structures. But any speaking of spirit, will be Theosophical.* Hermes

Trismagistus was a contemporary of Moses, who somewhat saw Christianity gestating in his mind, at the time. *This Hermes is credited with writing the Hermetica, a bunch of alchemical magical writings.*

Now, you can see some of the rude, primitive beginnings of Christianity. But of course, this beginning was extensively developed, from this, into the most important religion in the world, something Hermeticism can't claim, or be. At any rate, these are just some thoughts. *I believe that I have told this story correctly.* If you'll learn manners, *and the things not to do, for instance*, you'll eventually be

able to navigate ancestral lands successfully. Just using your best intuitive reckoning, is usually enough. At any rate, I'll get this writing along down my page, this morning. How does one deal with paranoid delusional thinking patterns? *Keeping this walking straight, and not twisted, will be somewhat easier, when you've 'squared up,' with your familial 'home base,' in an abstract sense.* This might be a locale off to the side of your face, in a spatio spiritual frame of reference. *This is a symbol, which stands for a higher land.* At any rate, my morning coffee is quite good, today, and I am

enjoying getting these thoughts down on paper. With a pleasing video loop running in the background, while I'm writing this, this morning, *my study corner is a lot more interesting than the commercial broadcast media across the room.* There's no comparison, really. What I'm thinking about this morning, dovetails with our administrative peoples safe arrival to work, this morning. *I'm so impressed with how people are able to safely navigate the rushing rivers of roadway traffic, to get into work, or run errands.* I'm a believer... I've seen our system running so smoothly. *For most people, just getting where you're*

*supposed to be is three fifths of the job...  
the rest is easy. At any rate, I see, also,  
some of the various reasons people like  
myself, for instance, are in group home  
living arrangements, and not just 'hanging  
out,' in independent living... largely  
because societies' pressures, and  
particular peeves, play havoc with my  
spatio spiritual sensory field, almost every  
day. But, these people will be there for  
you, too, when you need them... and are  
your best life's resource. Thank the Lord!*  
But the only problem is I'm so independent,  
within this home environment, the  
expectations of others sometimes get



neglected, by one like myself, and sometimes this causes resentment, or annoyance. 'I tried, but I wasn't good enough.' *How can I answer the occasional misgivings of others with gratitude, and a peaceful demeanor?* In many instances, through getting my word processor and keyboard out, and making anotation of my thought to thought flowing, onto paper. I'm so glad to be finished with my running around days, *and I try and let people know, this gratitude.* At any rate, today is Wednesday, and it's cloudy, and a sharp line of clouds, thunderstorms, is approaching from our west. This is what is

referred to as a 'squall line,' and  
accompanies a drop in temperature. It's  
after the storm, now, and we're getting back  
to normal. *When everyone gets where  
they're going, and back, it's like looking at  
an old electronic device, and realizing it  
just needed fresh batteries... and now you  
have something which you haven't had in a  
while.* So, this is like a new sense of  
freedom... a forgotten friendship, which  
still works great! At any rate, living is like  
this sometimes. Especially, you'll be glad,  
when you're granted device features you  
weren't expecting. Life is really something  
like a dream... *this is really the 'awakened*

*state,' when the tread mill drops away, and you don't have nearly as much work as you thought you had. We're (most of us,) always in possession of this state, it's just that alien beings, which our ancestors somewhat have to partner with, start brokering with our 'quality time,' in the name of the 'common good.'* This, if you think about it, amounts to endless toil...

*'Where do you draw the line?'* So we should resist this type of thing no matter what the changing times would have us believe. At any rate, this present writing, is almost ten pages long, now, so that's about my usual length. I'll wrap it up and

add it in with the others. All for now, I'll  
send this writing along your way now. All  
for now, Greg.

~

I'm going to start another article, because I  
feel reasonably good presently, and my  
hands especially feel large and competent,  
*and it is as if there's a potentiality at my  
inner speech center, which can be allowed  
out, and gotten down on paper.* When I  
listen back to a recent nearly complete

audio book chapter, and it  
appears to have within itself it's own  
conclusion, then I can just allow it to finish  
itself. If I had to say, I would definitely as  
cert that my later life and times far outstrip  
any times in my twenties... there's  
definitely something about being the type  
of writer which I am, *namely,*  
*mediumistic... even if I am in a group,*  
*boarding, or foster type home*  
*arrangement... which feels so gifted, and*  
*especially blessed.* Myself and my spiritual  
higher powers have had a great time, over  
more than twenty years of writing, and  
journal ing... *such that I've grown to live*

*more through just doing this, than in any freedom in my alcoholic years... there's no comparison.* I was a prodigal then, a young man who hadn't faced up to the therapeutic baseline, for starters. That way of self medicating lasted way too long. *You can't have a good relationship with the spirit presences around each life, when you're relying on habitual chemical usage.* These types of crutches would be an certain obstacle between anyone, and a real trusted spiritual alliance. At least, this is how I've grown to see it. But, still, many people use alcohol sparingly. But, it tends to be addictive, see? At any rate. If any one

technique was going to save my world, it would probably be the yoga technique of raising my arms up past my head, and up towards the heavens. *This method has brought to my life a newfound sense of personal liberty, because, now, I'm not so 'at the mercy,' of those bad headaches.*

There is now a '*clear way.*' At any rate, I am myself looking enormously forward to my eventual full entry into the higher worlds, of light and peace all around and among we people. *There really is something to be optimistic about, in general... just at the existential level... especially as we get older, as people... as I*

*think that people tend to rejoin their previous conversation... as if awakening from a deeply entranced state... and I for one am quite looking forward to it.*

Sometimes someone from mine or our shared pasts shows up on a breeze, or in a wave, *in the world of light and spirit presences... and the smile on their face shows me that it's as if my best hopes for the person are realized, by what appears to be, it is hoped, individually, and for mankind, each man and woman, only 'up around the bend.'* I am also looking forward to dinner, too, and I can smell a good fried vegetable dish cooking... my



favorite... fried potatoes. At any rate, these  
have been just a few thoughts, this good  
evening. I have to stop my tranced out  
state, to figure out who the incredible piano  
player is, on my device... I am certain that  
I've never heard this, quite like this... *I can  
tell it's a concerted expression of a  
powerful spirit being... who simply laid it  
down one evening, as a recording, I  
suppose.* He or she paid a call on his  
mediumistic vessel, and his technology...  
and produced a classic... *this is partly the  
reason that we have Christmas... for the  
spirit mediums, whose hearts, as pure as  
snow, can receive the blessed Christ Child*

*from Heaven, in the forms of paintings, or songs, or anything which outlives it's time,*

*in a good way.* Children must have

presents. At any rate, I'm glad to have

gotten these ideas on paper, this evening.

I am thinking, that it will be great to at last

get through this sort of 'traffic jam,' in my

'vehicle,' and get unto my bed, and get a

good night's sleep. This last part of my day

pretty much tired me out, *and left me sore*

*on the inside.* But, I'm glad to be over the

middle week, and along into the weekend

time, now. This latest C D of my musical

output, 'Spring's Youth,' is certainly a

blessing to hear played back. I only wish

that everyone here was similarly blessed.

*Some most definitely are, only it's the motivation that's not there. Or the instruments, or tools. Or a person just doesn't realize how much fun it can be, once you've successfully established your talent in the world. Or just how it feels to be entrusted with a talent, at all... the way a person has to always make the right choice, in all conscious decision making... **how you can't afford to do any less than to make it work out.*** I have an interesting memory, of when once my Dad took me out of my dark apartment, for a lunch at a luncheonette, in one of the suburbs of my

hometown, where I then lived. Dad took a while in finishing up his lunch, and I think

he started watching the wide screen television, they had, and, I told him that I was going to the adjoining bookstore... *he already knew what I wanted to read about, the book by the great shaman writer,*

*Carlos Castenada, who retold his mescaline visions in a literary fashion, and one of whose books was in a display rack.*

I was in my 'bookstore period,' and had to find everything I could out about New Age figures, writers, especially, and artists, and who seemed to somewhat speak of visions attained through drugs... *I had to learn of,*

*if this was all true, and what if anything was there behind these stories... what was the ultimate reality to which they pointed?*

Was there a 'living light,' an 'limitless wellspring?' My Dad, I think, now, years later, saw any interest I had, any at all, in literary figures... whoever they might be... could only be a good thing... He had vision

enough to see the simple truth, of how, with my passion, and ambition, *I could easily become one of those literary greats.*

I might just need a little underwriting, and help with the technology necessary to get my thoughts out to readers! At any rate, this is sometimes like, what I think a poor

people most need, a genuinely caring Dad, who cares enough to motivate, and even out fit a youth, who he may have almost given up on, *but who still sees him as holding nearly limitless potential.* At any rate, this is like the person, *who with faith only like a grain of mustard seed... seeing how little money it would require from a backer, or an interested person, to give an ambitious young man a practically sure 'path to the stars,' and his own taste of the Immortality promised in the worldly literature... can 'reach an willing audience, and keep reaching people with good, positive messages, for decades on end.'* So,

you can see, my own story has already found this fairly happy haven, and I've met most all of my own personal goals... so the one I'm thinking of, is you yourself, who might not read this, but who might be aware of me and my journey... 'Do you think that you could take a course like I've taken?' 'Could you see yourself winning at the literary game?' *That's a good question, isn't it?* Well, the time is almost my bed time, so I'll wrap these ideas up, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

AS I GO TO START, WITH THIS NEW  
TWENTY TWENTY FOUR, book C, part  
five, this afternoon, there's a few things I  
can think of that I would mention. *I would  
say that I'm blessed, in general, to be given  
such a concerted way, as I have been.* The  
good heavens have definitely smiled upon  
my life. But, I'm learning, more these  
days, how peace of mind is slippery. *I  
think that God is definitely interested in  
using ideas, sounds, and imagery in getting  
strong thoughts onto media.* But, there is  
so much which gets in between that Godly



thought and the media... the needs of the fleshly incarnation, for instance,... such as the needs for food, and drink... arguments about how much food is enough, and how much is too much... about what types of food are good, and which are not. We don't always deal with mealtimes right, *and sometimes we are impatient, and this can come in between a person and the Godly way, or thinking.* There are many other types of obstacles which can come in between a person and his God, onto the page. It is not always possible to please everybody, as sometimes we just please ourselves. *But always try to make a*

*peaceful accord, if there's a difference. For instance, people do always judge others, but will hear your views and be accommodating. There might, for instance, be a reader, who has grown too close to your work, and his attentiveness to such is overbearing, and demanding. This would appear as a difference. These are just examples, of ways that other's views, or the attitudes, or ideas someone past you may have, about you, or your work sometimes can show up, coming in between yourself and your written page, or as in needing attention. Just a few examples of ways your external expression is sometimes off*

kilter in some way. At any rate, when I was a young man, I was graceful and sleek as a tiger. Now I over think everything. *I think that people have tacit friction points.* If the problem wasn't a given way, it would be another, a different way. *I've recently seen, how there isn't much of any better way for a person to refer to him or her self as, than as a 'poor helper.'* When one is able to put all grandiose thinking aside, and just suffice, in a service role, like the shoe shine, or a grocery sacker would be, *then just about all of the criteria for happiness are already met.* Criteria such as having a 'light burden,' and a 'diminutive ego,' and a

willingness to just lend a hand. I would also guess that being a 'mediumistic writer,' or musicmaker are also ways to be desired. *We should point out also that a person with experience and skill will be asked to make himself useful.* If a person knows that he or she can play a musical instrument, for instance, or can sing, then this will almost always be asked of him. *He will be shown a way.* If you don't think that you have any talent, or ability, *then you must be made of stone.* One of the abilities of a spatio spiritual consciousness is somewhat thought to be the way this makes in us the ability to solve linguistic problems, for

instance, visually... and can allow for the ability to see the inverse, or the reverse of a given problem... or to visually manipulate, objects in the imagination, to look at alternative ways of seeing the same problem. *It might help the reader, as well, for instance, to remember how most any good written work will only be done in an incremental manner.* In other words, no one can just write as brilliantly as you might see here... such work is done in a reductive fashion, somewhat subtractively walking ideas back, from a given primacy.

I would say, that, if given the task of examining the ideas around some matter,

the laser light can be reflected off of that concept, to broadly illuminate ranges of possible answers, and outcomes... giving the general impression of that one writer being an expert. *Perhaps closer to the truth, is that he or she is a compiler, or analyst of information, and can quickly spot patterns, for instance, about, or correlaries, of a given idea.* There's a kind of place mentally, wherein the person will see, whatever thoughts should arise, these ideas arise only as weighed or compared against a 'therapeutic baseline.' *In other words, he or she'll see in relation to a sort of inner constant.* Similarly, the one who

takes the perspective of a preacher, or a critic, will have an definite critical ideal in mind, which informs his sermonizing.

Indeed, I sometimes am amazed at how easy it is to get enlisted into the modality of a 'ghost wrestler.' *The wrestling with ghosts is pure futility.* So, of course, one looks and tries to seek out that which makes us alike one another, and not different. *While wrestling with angels is useless, it's in this constant reflecting of the laser off of the impassive, resistive stone surface, that classic literature can be gotten down.* So, I guess, that we can see how by shifting one's perspective, or then

re framing the question, we see whole new areas opening out, in literature, which we might wouldn't have seen, otherwise. It always helps to reframe a question, so that the answers are seen in a new light. I think that when the stone surface is most fixed, and re sis tive, or is of a hard nature, *this will be when the most nuanced, illumined reflection will be shown.* I've always thought of how, those who are shown handicap and are seen to be 'thought lowly,' or 'poor by worldly standards,' but which are inwardly in possession of great insights, and a unique way of seeing, *will be afforded special ways in which to give*



*back, or to show their own excellence.* I

also think that 'the greater density of the media, will produce a higher bit rate of the audio. Lower density media, produces lighter, and looser image quality.' Well, to a listener, happening upon a story, even if he or she isn't filled in on the inner truths of the thing, if the story writer has used classic patterns and ideals, and or balanced wave forms in transliterating the tale, *the listener will still be benefited of hearing 'good work.'* So, if you like reading 'good material,' then you won't mind if you're not well versed on the 'origins,' of the story, the hows and whens. But, if you want to know

just how you relate with the unique story,  
or view on things, *then you will want to do  
more research, and really read back a  
ways.* Most problems are generally  
illuminated by the self cognizant writer, or  
thinker... *using the selves' reflection, upon  
itself, as the light source.* It too, is the  
inwardly thinking self reflection which has  
got to partner with the collapsed mind, and  
through dance reconcile it's polarities. *At  
any rate, you'll eventually see the  
redeemed thinking, despite most any bias  
you may reserve.* After all, who else is  
going to see an inner duality, delved around  
a relationship with an 'trusted spirit guide?'

It certainly is true, how in consciousness of the sometimes shifting sands of the collective subconscious, we're shown the real cynicism of the times. *Once you can come to terms with this 'paranoid self critical,' on any given day, you'll realize how advantageous such way is, rather than allowing one's self to get 'full of oneself,' or going on blindly ignoring real issues.*

At any rate, when my mind collapses back upon itself, self has to see, and be familiar with that same self. I think that this familiarity is hard won, in some, *as they are faced with bewildering migraines upon at first looking in their soul's mirror.*

Anyways, the more time I spend in this inquisitive self searching, the better, as I annotate my minute to minute observations, in eyesight of this 'trusted spirit guide.'

*This way really pays off when I will open my word processor software, and use my blue tooth keyboard, and jot down each thought, as it arises.* The inward path of hermit I cism chose me... it reached into my life and mind, and grabbed on so tightly, I had no other choice. From age thirteen until high school graduation, was five years. *Here I first encountered grown up hormonal changes, and somewhat began self medicating.* From high school

graduation until my spiritual  
indoctrination, was five years. Then there  
was five years, with a thorn in my side,  
otherwise known as my time with the  
'prime mover,' *against which my  
adaptation was focused.* Then from finding  
forgiveness from this 'prime mover,' until  
my final reckoning, *at which point I had,  
by default, to see my way into group home  
living, was five years.* I wrote some of my  
biggest books during this five year term, so  
it wasn't wasted time, at all, for I was  
mostly pain free, and was in the presence  
of spirit. *So, you can see, my adult life has  
progressed in stages of five years.* Last

*Monday I got to share some of my recent writing work, and this required nearly a week of my 'paying dues,' before I was ready to write again, today.* But, the past three days, I played and recorded some solo piano pieces, to make an album, *'Jazz Seasons, Volume Two.'* So, this has been a sketchy account of the recent time. I really think that this is some strong playing, and am honored just to have it. We've got a new week now just beginning, and it's a new morning. I get my clothes laid out for my shower, and await the call for my morning medicines. This writing has definitely been some concerted solving, *but*

*in general, these types of mindsets, with such a re sis tive, impassive negative view of my self, despite my insightful arguments on my behalf, makes matters appear unsettled and haven't provided con sin sus.*

Only my 'dances of spirit' are healthy, but without making any lasting gains, other than this writing... *that's sufficient.* I seem to be facing resistance, *but this is natural, I tell myself, as this writing inaugurates a new chapter... a christening of a new vessel, so to speak.* And, such is never quite as easy a work to do as I might would think, but can always be made to work. I can see, concurrently, that I'm in top good

shape this morning, as I'm along into the day. As I try and get along into this new  
twenty twenty four audiobook C  
part five, this morning, I'm impressed with  
how almost all of the walking I'm given  
today is up hill, and this work, onto this  
page is moderately difficult work. *But  
most any work is good, if you can find it...*  
so I apply myself diligently to the task at  
hand... this of getting down the second  
article in this part five is a matter of  
somewhat remaining receptive to whatever  
ideas are present nearby. *This keeps me  
busy for the rest of this day.* I have a new  
album of piano improvisations ready to



publish, so this is a good bit of work in itself... as I'm overly conscious of the responsibilities which come with the possessing of a goodly talent. Someone's having a talent, or ability brings out both the best, and the worst in some people.

*You see both kinds, as the ordinary stakes are higher when a one is in possession of literary or musical talent, as 'the sky's the limit.'* The morning's reading work was good, and this allowed me to spot the somewhat logical error toward the end of the first piece. So, with this accomplished, I can get along into the second article, without worry that I'm over looking

anything. I've seen some times which look like this before... *and, I definitely don't like thinking that way again, as such might point to a serious weather worry.* The weather doesn't change because the forecaster sees a trend... instead, just the opposite. It might be easier, on a day like this one, to just think of how the man upstairs might just be hurt, and bothered by how the knife 'hurts both ways,' when it definitely would be easier if there was someone who obviously was to blame, for society's troubles, but our pain is more diffuse. *At any rate, those of us who walk in Spirit's graces won't be blamed for*

*things they didn't do, because our time and attention is almost completely occupied by the love and affection found within pursuing our scrupulously given talents.*

Obviously we were busy making other plans... but problems happen sometimes whether we ask or intend them to, or not. I can see it, how in a society with unlimited choices, there will be the one poor puppet who makes the wrong one, *when such a person would have definitely been better off with fewer choices.* Perhaps, that's where the strife seems to be located. Some youths definitely are too incompetent to have choices such as those presented them.

*So, there aren't good answers there.*

Maybe societies catchers will spot the similar thing next time, before it happens.

At any rate, my own goals were met completely by last weeks publishing... and the work was as close to good as it could have been made, in the allotted time. I myself, this week, am dealing with a kind of peevish disagreeing with myself... I only feel the weight and pressure of my own self criticism, for a type of sin which I don't commit, *but which stereotypes tell me that rude mannered musician types are like.* At any rate, our morning has been warm and breezy, with sunshine, but clouds

are increasing presently... we're not expecting rain today, but tomorrow looks more likely. I sit here on this bed, and in somewhat searching my soul look for any ideas which might arise. An audio C D sounds good on this hand held player. *I've got a sure path before me, so I'm going to keep stepping in this manner, until I reach the goal of the weekend.* You might would say that the writing of this chapter is a daunting challenge, but I can feel the creative wits necessary to get it done are close by. I think that the spiritual presences about our lives really love the work of building audio visual and text

documents, when the heart is in the job. *A good angel feels no pain, ordinarily, and I think is often more than willing to take you on the adventure of writing with her.* This craft is like the rarest of pursuits... *we aren't looking within the manifest paradigm in coming up with content of this quality, we're putting this world of strife and woe away, for a time, and letting a good dream proceed unto its kindest resolution... onto the page.* At any rate, this is some of what this writer's mind can perceive on this good first Monday in March, this year. The thoughts in through here are coming only incrementally, so I

guess that I've slowed my processes also.

Our supper time will be soon, and I enjoy sitting and jotting these thoughts down, *As*

*I sit and attune with the encompassing spirit presences, this afternoon, I'm glad, and relieved to be back from a sojourn to my families home, in the adjoining state. I'm*

grateful to have met all of my publishing goals, in the three days that I had access to

the internet, and then some, so I've definitely got some work lined up to do, for the coming days and weeks. Our weather

has been a cloudy and rainy three days,

with sunshine hopefully returning this afternoon, and warm temperatures. To be

gifted with a definite path, in writing, or music, or visual art or video, *is many people's highest aspiration.* People live half of their lives, just to get to a place like this, where they can produce, and give back the inner significancies of their life and time. *When we can come up to the standards asked of us, and still give back, we'll find happiness, and contentment to be our reward.* On a day, like this one, with my work out before me, I feel as if I'm most in my element, and accounted for, so it's not too hard to meet the goal of work accomplished. *Until we, individually, figure out that the whole thing is a*



*bustling, living society of invisible  
ascended presences, right alongside the  
mortal... we'll persist in acting the parts  
of alcoholics, and pill junkies.* Many will  
have to come through these two failings,  
and be somewhat compelled to achieve  
healthy, therapeutic living on the other side  
of chaos, before we can really find the 'life  
everlasting.' But, this indeed is the  
promise, if we are willing to step into the  
'crucible of primordial becoming,' *and get  
to the other side of unsanity.* At any rate,  
these are just some thoughts, this sunny  
second Saturday afternoon in March, this  
year. And, after all, *'What does it profit a*

*man to try and look over and past the corridors of the mind, when such a quest only puts him or her in contact with the sometimes frightening ghosts of the collective unconscious, and makes him prone to obsessive compulsive repetitive motion disorders, and paranoid delusional thinking?'* This is such a good question to

ask, and I mentioned it in the previous chapter... I'll ask it again. And, I'm just getting down whatever thoughts that arise, this evening... I also feel I must ask pardon, for any thought not worth thinking. To the outside observer, or the passer by, these thoughts might seem clumsy and

unenlightened... but I usually have a strong idea, or vision, about which I am speaking. But I know how hard it is to just rise above loss, and the sense of loss, when something bad happens... you're so wrapped up in the emotions, of grief. But a writer isn't God or anything... I can't speak of future events like I know... or always avoid conflicting with fate. But, such is life. *I just know, that when the way gets narrow, and constricted, or claustrophobic, one might should raise his or her arms up, mentally, past the sides of your head, to the heavens.*

This yoga stretch, for instance, can sometimes help to restore the mind back to

a relaxed place, or frame of mind. At any rate, when you've got a problem, in your life, you should do all you can to try and solve it. *If the benevelant spirit has already brought your life into it's salvation, then you should count yourself among the fortunate, the few.* It really also can be said, that where your treasures are stored up, is important... whether in the making of Heavenly literature, *or in sensual past times. You might see these as two sides of the same coin...* but if your reading doesn't uplift and edify your spiritual side, *then, maybe you'd rather read the faster pace of fantasy or science*

*fiction.* I for one, am just glad to find meaning, purpose, and direction in the good words that I do have. Well, at any rate, I sit just before our snack time, around eight this evening, on Saturday. I'm going to have a cold Coke, and get some writing done, until bedtime. *I'm also reminded, of how creative, and highly conscious some people are... me with my lazy, hazy mind...*

*I am going to remember that so many others are the real language specialists.*

What I do, in this journal, is to attune with whichever presences are around... and somewhat get out, onto media, everything which seems to want to be written... *this is*

*an honor and a pleasure, mostly. And,*  
then, when I've gotten some ideas down  
onto my word processor screen, I go back,  
and visually compare and see the respective  
ideas... and just to somehow understand,  
sometimes, what another may be dealing  
with. *At any rate, my eyes are my best*  
*instrument, for by visually looking at*  
*language relationships, I can easily spot a*  
*wide range of good patterns, and quickly*  
*tell what is going on... whether one thing,*  
*or something else.* Tonight I'm working on  
this article, and just brainstorming over  
these ideas. I've got over an hour before  
bedtime, this evening, so I can, if I try, see

my way unto this article's conclusion.

Well, I fell asleep rather quickly last night,

so it's Sunday, the next day, and we've

finished medicines, breakfast, chores, and

hi jean. *I've expanded this article, and will*

*go ahead and add it in with the others.*

This will suffice to fill out, a ways, my new

part five, as I get it along to it's ending.

Well, I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in

with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I sit, this morning, and somewhat attune with the encompassing spirits, and try to get on the 'right page,' mentally, *and find the right attitude for myself, today.* Right away, I can see, that I'll be dealing, the best I can, with stinking thinking, in some ways, any given morning, and so I tell myself, for sure, not to ever put, or assign, or assume any blame for something which I didn't or couldn't do. This is something of a paradox, of sorts, when it shows up... sometimes, it's not as if it's me that's confused, but someone external to my mind, *who inwardly thinks that they can get at me, for something which I couldn't*



*have done.* But, this, I think, is because we all get lazy mind, sometimes, and everyone sometimes makes do with some symptoms of mental illness, *and may not really straighten out those symptoms, until a good revival time, when the sins of a time are washed away.* You get the idea, and it's important not to 'dwell around,' ideas of a paranoid delusional sort, but to get along with everyone, and try and do and think the right way. At any rate, someone who is in a vulnerable position, and has a lot of original media 'out on a limb,' so to speak, will tend to be susceptible to mentalities of that vulnerability. *But, I really believe*

*that we can get through setbacks, and differences if we're in touch mentally with some constancy, and sameness, in our lives.* For instance, this morning, my mental difficulties most likely aren't any real mental illness at all, but are merely spin offs, or side developments, of this very writing... *as, I'm trying, through this to build lasting, meaningful writing, this morning, and this is always easier said than done.* This writing will follow along the writings I've already gotten for part five, and will fill this chapter out, to a more complete length, and be quality content. At any rate, we've got a sunny and cool,

not cold Monday... the second Monday in March, this year. When someone like myself is trying to keep up an amateur path, of writing, or music, or journaling in general, *he or she will find turbulence, and the pains of self doubt have to be dealt with almost any day.* There's simply a lot of resistance, to any new development, and especially, a person's lack of collegiate credentials, or any permanent position, like a job title, or any official position, like artist, per say, makes any work you try and do, or take on, to be like rolling an enormous stone up a hill side. But, when things are all right, any given day, and

one's spirit is with oneself, the person's having his or her 'ducks in a row,' so to speak, *then, a maverick, or an 'eccentric,' can still take on writing jobs, and get work accomplished.* He or she, just won't receive any approval from any governing, or administrative, or oversight agency, or board... but if he or she is writing a book, well, this is something that people have been doing for a long time, independently, *and it just always takes determination, courage, persistence, optimism, and fortitude to make much of any real progress, in the real world, any given day.* You might well have these good qualities,

and still find symptoms of anxiety...

because stressors come up anywhere on the globe, any given morning. *Today I'm trying to remember to mentally do a yoga stretch, reaching my hands and arms up past the sides of my head, toward the heavens.* This is the best visualization I know of to help reduce the tension that usually forms against the sides of my head, and those muscles, of my jaw, neck, and voice area, eyes, face, and scalp. At any rate, I definitely can perceive that this music playing on this hand held C D player is good. This past weekend, I had a realization that these musical expanses by

this band are some of the strongest shows in my whole collection, and I definitely shouldn't allow myself to take or assume any blame for any thing we didn't do, in any artistic project, and this is no exception. *For instance, my music may well have 'technical issues,' on any given day, or not, but my musical partner doesn't need any of these things...* In a way, it's like *'We didn't always know what we were getting ourselves into,'* either of us, looking at our respective life changes, *but, with my kind of paranoid self criticism happening at some times, in some ways, it's important not to let my self blaming affect my partner*

*and band member. I think, that if I had to describe my own early music, it was definitely a gift I was given at the time, from Mother Nature, and usually seems to have more in common with the elements of nature, I mean, things outside of my control... earth, sun, rain, snow, and wind... than our human system generally has. 'A nature boy's gift, for a time when his nation had to round the corner,' so to speak... and it may not really sound good today, but was more particular to the millennial time. At any rate, these are some things I can see, this morning, if I try. I'm just glad when the sunn's out, and it's*

warm. I feel as if we're here in one of the best parts of the world, in terms of quality of living, standard of living, and safety, and sanity... *if you like quiet neighborhoods, and ordinary times like this, when you can get things done, like this writing, or visual art, any cottage industry... you're in the right part of the world, for that.* So, we're always counting our blessings, those of us who do these things, or are independent producers of digital media. At any rate, you can see some of my thinking this good morning, because I have written it out here, into this journal. And, it's all squarely in my 'comfort zone,' this morning, and I'm



really proud of this strong willing spirit, to  
get these thoughts out, and to get my  
writing along. *At any rate, I'm glad to  
have some good thoughts onto these pages,  
and would definitely say that it's better  
than nothing.* There was a time in my life,  
when any ordinary morning meant having a  
'heavy heart,' and an agitated, restless state  
would drag me down, just as quickly as my  
morning coffee picked me up. I would  
endure it as long as I could, any given  
morning, but only until exasperatedly I  
would begin the quest to dull the pain and  
agitation with any inebriant that I could put  
in my body. *Then one day, the spell was*

*broken, and I effectually entered into Heaven, while still remaining with the living.* Thus began my good 'second life,' and 'third life,' and surviving cancer meant 'fourth life,' in spirit's graces, and this continues to this day. At any rate, this present article is coming in at around ten pages, and so as such, is nearly standard length for myself. I think that it's important, in the scheme of things, to remember how, *'I can't do this writing alone,'* and it's so great to have made good on my childhood dream of being a writer...

I think that this is the main reason that I keep this up. So, in mindfulness of spirit's

gracious gifts, I offer this product of my days and nights, and in hopes that others might come into similar fruitfulness, as well. *Gratitude is the only attitude that I need to show, these days, and in peace give and receive these blessings.* All for now. I'll send this along your way now. Greg.

~

I sit, this evening, and see just what ideas are in my mind. *In the 'returning to the innocence' of one's youth, one has to*

*somewhat entrain the mind into an unequivocal upward flowing. It might help, a person to see him or herself as a central passageway, just continuing on upward. If you can remember back, as a child, staying up late, watching late night television just had the effect of opening your eyes completely... you'd sit and watch for hours, with little or no consciousness of yourself. And, then, for no apparent reason, this lean, and slender inner concept became misshapen, and grotesque... your alcoholic ancestors' ghost came into power... and, you had to self medicate to get back to the childhood reveries. Did*

*you not have to go around the world, to settle the matter of a spoonful?* So, the sound you hear from my piano, is a kind of sonic opiate... *it was developed one hundred percent to be 'soothing,' and to take the place of the 'booze,' and to make it obsolete.* Once you placed your approval upon your piano work, you then had a new pastime. It's good to have this, now, in stow. At any rate, I've found, through listening back to my own playing, that I can do a pretty entertaining hour of piano performances, when I put my mind to it. But, just having a bunch of recordings isn't enough. It's really got to have a decent

cover art, and this means the cover shouldn't detract from the piano, or come 'in between' the listener and a good hour of playing. *That's just the problem... distracting ideas and images are always trying to come in between the person, and his God concept.* This is why it's so hard to find a good 'favorite' band, or show, because there will be that one element which ruins the effect... and makes listening more of a chore, or even a 'risk,' than a blessing. Just be sure that your whole mind, and consciousness is in agreement... or that you're at peace with the inherent risks. This is all I know to say. At

any rate, I must be at a good place, in my life, *because my study corner has once again become something I want to talk about.* I would wish this for anyone. (*And, that's my main criteria for happiness.*)

When I'm getting good results in my writing, as well, this morning, *I'm in a pretty happy place.* In a nation of many millions of people, unfortunate things happen every day. So don't let yourself be deigned by external adversity. After there's an incident that touches your heart, *I think, you should immerse yourself in your's and others work, and try and draw lessons from that difficult time.* As the song says, 'Walk

on past the trouble.' I was thinking recently, how the Alcoholics Anonymous motto, 'Just for today,' is still such a fitting emblem for my thrice recovered life. We have to hold on tightly, to our lives, and times, because the enemy is trying to send everyone into their respective, individual afterlife. Death isn't at all a respecter of persons. We try and somewhat make light of our losses, and tell ourselves that, 'We'll never die,' *but in time, we'll all eventually and individually come to the 'place of rest.'* With that said, *life is sweet, for those that are enriched in it.* 'Don't harp on the inevitability of death, but instead reinforce



how the great, and unfathomably long duration of a time, a life can, truly be.' At any rate, do you remember when you were just a little child, how, everything in the world was such a given, and the origins and sources, and causes of everything around ourselves, was such a mystery... the toaster oven, the kitchen furniture, the songs on the radio... they all just 'were.' Well, we grow, and as we do, we all learn the hows and whys of everything. *There's the 'engineers enigma,' and the way that our creation becomes so populated with users and participants... and there's the mysteries which we reconcile ourselves*

*with... the ways that other's products are refinement and perfection, and we can't very well know of their trade, or manufacturing secrets. So, we live with a significant amount of mystery... there will always be new things to learn... no matter how our particular trade puts us 'up above' the rest. At any rate, just some thoughts. 'Entrain the verbal faculty into an upward flowing, rising, ascending passage into perfection and gracious speaking.'*

Remember what's imparted into you. Of course it's not given lightly. Anyways, just some thoughts. I think, as we 'spring forward,' this year, my mind is really in

celebration of the flora, and the sheer diversity, and abundance of vegetable crops, in our land. I myself love vegetables, and I think it's amazing how, with a little water, and soil nutrients... these organisms take the sunn light, and the carbon dioxide, and manufacture enormous amounts of cellulose, and fruit parts, and vegetable parts, and beans, and seeds, and flowering parts, and our harvest tables are full of this produce... *and depending on how a cook prepares these foods, there's no adverse effects, or regrets, from consuming them.* I for one am always becoming a vegetarian... meat is served sometimes, *but*

*I'm always getting back to my vegan ways.*

One type of vegetable that fills the belly like meat is corn. Especially roasted, or baked or fried corn meal, as chips, or kernals, or ground meal, into corn bread.

*It's also very high in fiber, and so contributes enormously to a healthy gut, with almost no adverse effects. Then*

there's lettuce, and cabbage... and tomatoes, and bean pods... and tubers, such as potatoes. I myself subsist most days on corn, and peanuts. *And I'm happy this way, and 'who needs meat?'* So, but with our modern genetics, and ways this is being used, or implemented, I think we'll have

factory laboratory grown meat products in a not so distant future, *and we'll enjoy the benefits of meat, without the adverse effects.* Who knows to what heights our civilized society might ascend, then. This might somewhat go a ways to remedy our difficult problems with our youth, *and we'd be so happy and enriched into the 'lasting peace,' that we would forget our troubles, and woe.* I'm glad to offer these ideas, as my present chapter is more filled out, thereby. At any rate. If you want to know a good question I've asked myself, a few times, it's probably going to be found in the

## **'Impossible and Pointless Questions**

**Department.'** If you've got a real question that might have a real answer, then I suggest you do your own brainstorming... you never know what you might learn, from getting pen and paper out, and peering within your own heart and soul, and spirit. I've gotten these ideas down on paper, for instance, and you can see, they read fairly well, in my view, so they can be included. I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I think, that, part of the grown up predicament, is that people of a certain age have to differentiate how, thinking that being 'intellectually lazy,' and never 'getting involved,' in people's lives, external to yourself, is the right way to be... how, that's what's thought of as being intellectually lazy; *there's the idea that you might would have very good ideas to show, or impart, and introduce, to a younger, who you might see yourself mirrored in... only you're too lazy, or complacent, to 'get involved.'* Part of

'getting older,' might be seeing yourself echoed in the behaviors of younger people who enter your life eventually, no matter who you are. Who was it, who spoke of seeing your 'discarded thoughts,' showing up, and echoing in the works and efforts of younger proteges? I forget just who this was, but as you get past your late forties, in your life, you cross the 'mid life,' threshold. Crossing this threshold, I've found, tends to put a person on the cognitive and physical decline, by the time the person is middle fifties. Your mature self will somewhat know how to differentiate, self with others.

*This is a hallmark of maturity, this*



*knowledge enough to just stay out of other people's lives, unless you're really led to offer advice or encouragement, by angelic guidance... because, you have to stay on stable footing, and you are shy of having the wrong influence.* You might have an easier time with this. I was brought into the sociological conversation, in the adult world view, at the young age of twenty three. This big life transition, from the materialist paradigm, into the having to see an invisible world appearing, and presenting its questions inwardly, somewhat underneath our physical world, *this was a mind bending thing to have to*

*go through, for myself. (This coming into consciousness of the invisible choir is a necessary development, for some, if not many, and it just has to be done at the right time and circumstances.)* When it comes to

solving the mysteries of the 'schizo affective,' disorders, I think that the 'paranoid schizophrenic,' mindset, and outlook, can definitely approach it..

*There's a tug of war in the lives of some people. An older person can 'get involved,' prayerfully, and help the younger with 'being more conscious.'* I myself came

through my share of these types of behaviors, in other words, the having of

*'one foot on the gas, and the other foot on the brakes,'* for instance, or a split, or break

in my veneer, was one of my predicaments... *and I kind of woke up to this condition around age twenty one, into early twenties, as I focused more on my mental phenomena.* Peer pressure helped enormously. And then, around age twenty three, I began to walk in consciousness of spirit beings present in our lives, and so then, my path got more complex, as my consciousness of these spiritual presences magnified the addictions that were already present, minimally, into full blown obsessive compulsive repetitive motion

disorders, which were quite disruptive in my life, for nearly a decade. Of course, I was in a restless state, and couldn't focus, or think much, ordinarily, as I was agitated, and fidgety... especially my lower extremities, I just couldn't keep them still.

*I self medicated.* And, then, in early nineteen ninety eight, the spell was broken, and my addictions evaporated. After a five year reflection time, I got into group home living, and have stayed with this plan now for more than twenty years. At any rate, that's my story. *I offer my thoughts as affirmation that the right behaviors can and will win the struggle... This is the*

*desired results.* Well, today is the second Wednesday in March, this year, and I've finally somewhat subtractively arrived upon the gist of what I'm talking about... I had a problem with 'too much information,' and had to minimize this writing drastically. *And I had to just speak of my experiences, and not anyone else's.* You get the idea. I'm just trying to finish this article up and add it in with the others, for a finished part five. At any rate, I hope you're doing well and that these ideas find you healthy and happy. Yesterday, someone asked me 'What are you writing about?' I thought, and told them that, my

thoughts are 'spirit writings,' *in other words, 'mediumistic,' or channeled writings.* I used the best metaphor for this that I know of, to describe this, namely that of the '*potter working the clay.*' I also said that I start with the jumbled, crude animism, and the rush of ideas, and kind of discover it's inner order, and 'lower the high places,' and 'raise the low places,' smoothing it into something that makes sense. Quite a bit of the content of this article, initially, had to be deleted, and worked back... (something like a potter removing portions of clay,) *but to arrive upon something which is much subtler, and*

*which doesn't get into outside concerns, from myself.* This is an important consideration, because there are strict privacy laws, and I didn't want to violate. *Anyways, the gift of having a 'sane and sober mind, that can remember,' I think is mainly the good outcome of my own trusted inner guidance.* It is thought, that if a person is walking 'In the spirit's enlightened graces,' he then won't stumble, or fall. At least, we try, with our best guidance, to handle each life challenge we are shown. And, this writing is that outcome. These thoughts have been a welcome time, forming a completed part

five, now, and I'm glad to send them along  
your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

WHENEVER NEW THINKING ARISES,  
I WANT TO BE receptive and open to get  
any acceptable ideas onto lasting media.

When I look beneath the surfaces of my  
empty page, there will be a good idea, or  
two, which will wish to start forth. Writing  
down ideas, on a given day, sets up a



definite, positive linkage, between your  
mind, and the written page.

Of course, I always have to look past all  
surface appearances, and think of the  
content of what is being written. *A strong  
allegiance, might well wish to contribute to  
your new article... but I'm always looking,  
and trying to puzzle out, if a spirit's  
intentions are pure, and are what I think  
they are* Usually by prayerfully affirming  
how, only the right behaviors will win the  
tug of war, we can keep our own intentions  
pure, as in this manner. Writing, of course,  
requires a modicum of good graces, and  
something like 'self determination.' Also,

by asking ones self, 'What the bleep do I know?' you can get past the mortal limited understandings, *and allow spirit's abundant graces to operate smoothly.* If we think a thing to be, then of course it will tend to be. *So, just always remember that God's in control, and writing, despite any learning, or experience I may claim, is pretty much just a gift of the spirit... and is only intended to be good spiritual fruit.*

To look back at new writing is reassurance that 'my signs are good, this morning,' and,

'let us begin in this manner.' But, if the sense of 'split ends' for instance, appears to be in effect, or prevalent, you might would

quickly put away your writing. Or, try to remember, and reinforce the main idea, how *'good writing comes only from within ones own self.'* The mind's surface appearances are the dominant effect some times... one can't get past the surface tensions. Just immersing yourself into your own thoughts is not always as easy as it at first seems. There's a surface hang up. At any rate, upon a morning like this one, my most focused, concerted solving is not always enough to get through the dense intellectual brambles, along the sides, and around my peripheral eyesight... it's apparent that the resistance against any

new enterprise is somewhat real, and my own mortal solving alone might not be sufficient to break it up. *Or I'll have to wait it out.* I think that sometimes, there's a force, or weight of lateral pressure, which is like a fixed stone surface, of resistance. So, when this is like this, there's not much I can do with it. If I start thinking about what such signifies, I think that the powers that be, around my consciousness, appear to be trying to get me into a proverbial corner, *or to let my own limiting beliefs constrain me, so I just let this all go,* and recognize, that there doesn't appear to be any contrary circumstances, this morning...

and I'm just making up, or imagining an invisible adversary, which has no real equivalency, *or which indeed 'signifies nothing.'* At any rate, it appears clear, that when one has a strong writing voice, like this, and appears to be gifted in this type of discernment... *there arises strong resistive force, mentally, whether there is any contrary analogue in the real world or not.*

Through continuing to jot down, in an incremental fashion, just what ever good thinking should arise, I think that you'll gradually move past the blockage. I can see, that my recently published Book C, part five is like the 'latest word,' and my

mind is trying to resist any further progress. *So, this is frustrating.* But, as time passes, you'll have an incremental progression of new ideas... so you'll move forward, one way or another, anyway... it will just be at the pace of this 'slower time,' which is like the gradual movement of the moon across your night sky, or the way that the sun appears to change positions... slowly, but not so slowly that you can't see the change. Your mind might tend to discard any new thought as unwanted, but I think that any new thought is good, or can be made into good, if you will look at it objectively. I was thinking, how, 'home' is

only what you make it. One's surroundings might be very humble, and spartan... *that which defines your home life, are your tools, and instruments, through which you've always been able to improve your self, and your standing.* To myself, this is what is meant by the home improvements...

*anything which benefits your account, when done from the home environment.*

The music and video which accompany your work, are like the soundtrack to your life... your work is analogous to your life itself. Do you have anything which is truly your own to claim? *These will be the products of your own mind, and hands...*

*that which no one can take away... your intellectual property.* That which defines your life is this which flows from the within... through your mind and hands. At any rate, these are a few new ideas, this third Tuesday in March, this year. I'm getting some clothes washing done, while listening to a C D in my head phones, and inputting these thoughts presently. We're in a cold snap, and today is sunny, breezy and chilly. As I'm sitting here, I'm imagining doing a yoga stretch, with my arms raised up past the sides of my head, toward heaven. Starting a new part six requires a stretch of a sort, like a nuanced step up, to



the next level. I can tell you that this writing presently has a better vantage, and somewhat requires thinking in a new way.

But, this is tiresome, and I want to rest, having just started this writing, and let my self gradually come around to the new concept. So I rest, and await new ideas. As I sit here, mulling this new beginning, I'm remembering back to the decade of my twenties... and remembering the pains of just not having anything of my own... of having to self medicate to 'fix' the pains I was undergoing. The hopelessness, and desolation of having no artistic 'home base,' or operating plan... other than to dull

my pain with pills, and alcohol... of having  
no artistic hope at all... *I never want to  
experience that again.* I can see, also, now,  
that there are factions in my mind's  
consciousness that might would try to fling  
me back into another existence like that  
earlier one... *and I inwardly resolve never  
to let my life get isolated like that ever  
again... to always stay with a healthy home  
group.* At any rate, these thoughts seem to  
be encroaching, as I'm starting this new  
chapter... and I tell myself, 'this is harder  
work than I thought it would be.' But, this  
writing presently meets the criteria, for a  
new set of writings, and I move myself

along, and enthusiastically 'get going.' I've recently been enjoying looking back at my 'Greg at the Piano,' videos... and have seen how they are somewhat in two sets of thirty videos. So, to see the latest scenes, you would skip up to 'piano thirty,' and go up from there. For a reader, or listener, this simplifies browsing these a lot, and seems to be a smart way to see it. At any rate, I like getting this writing done, as this will allow me to expand my text and portable document files, and as further writing comes, I'll be able to make the audio version. As I do this, I'm resolving to avoid becoming contrarian, or letting pithy,

or negative thinking enter this writing... *to 'keep on the sunny side.'* I do seem to have a steady stream of new ideas, coming, only gradually, though. Well, we're just past our

afternoon snack, and along into the evening, now. The yard birds here are little mockers, I notice... This probably means that the cat is walking around somewhere,

out here. At any rate, when I get claustrophobic, from indoors, I come back here to the back yard, and write and think about my latest works... I usually bring my blue tooth speaker and can hear and read.

Here lately, I'm consciously trying to remember to keep new work simple and

more mundane, *this so as to lighten my processing work, for later when this is read, and seen.* So I'm thinking more about the material world around me. The spring time changes, and especially the new green leaves, and flowers, have my attention. I noticed yesterday a housefly was buzzing around me in my study corner, this usually means warmer weather is here. The sun is sinking in our west, and my back and side are being warmed... *the afternoon is chilly, and my coat, and this sunlight helps.* The moon is following the sunn on around, and is now high in the northern sky. Birds, Robbins and hermit thrush are pecking

around nearby. Some of them behind me are definitely sounding the cat alarm.

Once, when I lived here before, I saw a very large hawk or eagle on the fence at the east end of the yard... *surprisingly because this is an urban area.* At any rate, I now notice a little blue bird on the West corner of our house, watching me and looking for worms and insects in the grass. The grass is bright green and needs it's first trim of the summer. *Well, this gives you an idea of what this area is like.* These ideas are starting to slow, and I'm nearly ready to go back inside. If you ask me, how my writing is so prolific, I'll just tell you of the

inner duality, the spiritual pairing,  
inwardly, *self with a trusted familiar*. This  
is a kind of a living, spinning little solar  
system, all inwardly, with sunn, planets,  
and moons. When one is healthy, such will  
be spinning around itself. This power,  
when tapped into, this can really make such  
concerted work, onto the empty page... I  
keep my word processor nearby at all  
times, for those times when the light spills  
over my boundaries... to catch the  
overflow. I'm just starting out this article  
presently, and already I have begun to think  
about the larger work... and how this new  
piece fits in. It's not very hard for myself

to develop content of this nature... I just kind of start a flowing, in a given direction, and shape and mold the energy into something that makes sense. This energy will be a forward momentum, a linguistic current of thought... it goes only right where it's directed to go. *This resource, to be sure, is something like the promise of, 'limitless free energy,' only it comes in the form of this writing.* We here are enjoying our weekly store outing, and I'm jotting down whatever thoughts that come during the trip. I'm pleased to be started along with my new part six, and appreciate the quality of the first article, and plan to allow



the present forward momentum to move this article along. We've got a beautiful sunny Thursday afternoon and are getting around to our grocery trip, and our lunch stop will be last. It's a refreshing break from the group home environment to get out once a week, and I always look forward to this time. Having this smart device's word processor, and being able to get thoughts down 'on the go' like this is appreciated. I'm looking forward to getting a bite to eat and getting back. *If you're like me, you'll know, also, that any work of this nature is appreciated... whether it's done at home or not.* There was a time, that I

would have writing like this, but no original music to put it with... This isn't like that, at all, because now, I'm ahead of my self, and have an abundance of new music. *At any rate, I'll always remember the way that, as a thirty year old, I somewhat discovered that my writer's voice was a constant and stayed the same... no matter what mood I was in, through my transient emotions, the quality of this writer's voice stayed the same.* I find the same thing still today... and this is a comfort through my daily upps and downs. This is partly why I get this device out 'on the road,' like this... *so that I can tap into*

*this peaceful stream, wherever I am.* Well, back home, now, and I get to my personal space, and start back working on this writing. When my listener's ear gets tired of my own playing, I play someone else's. It's nice to get in touch with outside ideas, and to have that second or third opinion, like that... This is a good result of getting out in nature, as well. *Wild fauna definitely can be listened to, and seem to always have a new perspective on the human experience.* I've been resourcing the nature around my life for a long time. If you ask me, 'How do you know what the nature would say?' I would suggest that he

or she talks plainly all of the time, and you can definitely hear such coming from the periphery of the human sphere. Of course if you're not listening, or if you're making too much noise of your own, you won't hear. At any rate. I've somewhat had a long week, already, and will be so ready for our weekend time. *Between those who are constantly in need of attention, and those who are only trying to help, it's madness sometimes.* And, doesn't this about cover it? Myself included? Don't I spend most of my waking hours composing this thought, and getting in step with this writing, 'to impress,' it would seem? *When*

*maybe fewer words would have been better, for you?* I'm sitting here on the side of this bed, and hoping to remain receptive to whatever spiritual thought there may be from my higher mind, and soul. But emotions can truly be something to contend with. Between frustrations, with my own self, or with my work not being just right... and resentments, *for my lack of gratitude, and contentment with the great abundance of literary work I do have, the antics of those around me are more distracting than they should be, for me. I should be centered inwardly, and in gratitude for so often having the precise spiritual guidance,*

*which I myself most need, when I need it.*

But I'm too often worried about the other guy, when it's pretty clear that mine own and our problems in general are so well attended to. I myself try to stay busy, plugging at this writing, and endeavoring to remain receptive to higher guidance. *But, the lower mind, and it's emotions of helplessness, and futility, when I'm the only one in control of my life, for instance, have too much sway in my life.* So my path is often found, in front of this word processor screen, and in remaining receptive, to any higher thinking. *I've got so much literary abundance to my credit.* As I'm getting this

writing along, *I begin thinking about how  
it will work in with the others,  
contextually, and support, and not disagree  
with, the previous chapter, and it's themes.*

I tell myself, that if I'll just go with my  
own preferences, I'll be situated pretty  
well, I'd say. Anyways, *I'll be glad to get  
this writing along, and it's really nothing...*

*the work is fun, and is such proof of a  
guiding star in my life... There's more than  
enough good will to make this work, I'd  
say, as well.* Anyways, I'll wrap this  
writing up and send along your way now.

All for now, Greg.

~

Sometimes, I'll ask of myself, 'What is the matter?' And I won't always know, or have much of any idea. Most of the times, when

I'm feeling distracted, or bothered, I'll come up with some ideas, to try and suffice for an answer... *and I'll use my ill moods, and occasional distraction as a kind of psychic yarrow, to try and peer into past present future times, as a mediumistic sigh kick would.* I think that the reason that I do this writing, and music, or any production



work, is because this is my heart centered meditation, which completely immerses me in wellness, wholeness, and progressive forward thinking and positive life change.

When I'm given a new start on a chapter of writing, it's usually like getting a whole new lease on life, and is such a full fledged revival, and restoration, that any previous troubles appear to wholly evaporate, and to move behind. Handling any life change, when this happens, is always made easier when I've got a concerted path of my own, such as in this very writing, or journaling, like this. I may not always know exactly what is the matter, in my mind, *but I'll*

*have so much fun just moving my way through the recent ideas, and imagery, that I'll wind up entirely forgetting about any problems I may be having, and just then looking and finding that I have a whole new chapter of completed writing, and thinking. So, and my writing is usually kept light, and in a positive tone, so there won't be any problems, or difficulties to pick at... it will just be a kind of joyous dancing, and won't detract from anyone else's life or ongoing. Knowing how to stay out of trouble, has been one of my strongest advantages, and I've written just book after book with very few negative side*

*effects at all.* But, I know, also, what it's like to have to deal with the sigh kick ghosts that sometimes accompany bad weather, loss of life and property, for instance, as in a serious tornado, or earthquake... showing up ahead of time, appearing as 'out in the future,' and tending to create abstract thinking, with lots of pain and trouble, which the person wants to handle in an creative and abstract manner. So, but you can make it through the pains of weather events, and loss of any kind, *if your arts path is strong and concerted.* Set backs get pretty common, as one gets older, and this present writing, in some ways,

itself has had its set backs... *but, difficulties have been surmounted.* At any rate, today is Monday, the month of March is nearly behind us, and I sit upon this bed, writing these thoughts, after my medicine,

breakfast, chores, and hi jean. The morning holds certain promises, as any morning does, and I'm trying to get on those wavelengths, and stay away from 'problem areas.' Progressive musical art forms, which connect people on the existential plaine, and which appear to symbolize 'the present,' in an abstract sense, might be very dynamic, and sonically and visually powerful. But, time

works it's wonderful ways, and changes many elements... the trick is to find and experience real constancy and sameness, across the years of time, and changes of fashion. Through looking at my own life, and my mind's artistic behavior over different periods, I've come to understand that some of us peer out upon the world through 'thicker lenses,' and may be in possession of 'super dense perceptual quadrants,' in the physical sense... *looking out through hazes of denser etheric emotional mists.* These might be uniquenesses which the person is born with, and continue across the entire life. If

you have to try harder, to do simple creative tasks, like writing or sketching, but if you manage eventually to surmount your life's challenges, *your artistry might be a good bit more dynamic.* Those peoples who have been challenged, and yet who have endured, will perhaps be a good bit more competitive, as their ways are more keyed up, and walking has always been up hill... he or she will know that there are no 'givens,' per say, *and holding on to your home ground or acquired territory will be a fight you are used to, and prepared for.* Because you will be used to such up hill walking, and to being so

challenged. At any rate, these are a few thoughts, this cloudy morning in late March this year. *Having to endure many false starts and dead end alleyways will seem difficult, for a young person, but the passage of time brings entirely new ideas, and new intellectual constructs, and concepts.* Isn't this, then, the 'clear light' of bliss, the fully engaged state, of mind, which can remedy any problem, and which only needs to be accessed to make all appear as new, and wholly good. You'll recognize this effect, any time that your intrinsic spiritual latencies are coming forth, and your soul's being uplifted, into

light and ongoing. Then you'll say, 'This is it, this is the goal, and life really has purpose and meaning.' At any rate. *No two people will be the same.* For myself, I'm fulfilled, and grateful to just have such insightful thinking as this, going onto the written page... the journey of art, in all of it's mystic significance, has proven itself to be very real in my own life and times, and this article is further proof of such. But another person, might not have any artistic standing, or might have to just get by in a spartan sense. *Imagine yourself only without any tools or instruments.* You can see some different ways of living, and



seeing, and being. This writing is further along than I had hoped it would be, this morning. *I'm glad to have it, and to be developing this.* I've noticed just recently, how easily my mind gets tripped over into lower quality, or 'off limits' types of thinking. I used to be able to stay clear of trouble, and I was very prolific, but as I got around my middle fifties, in my life, *I began becoming more susceptible to cognitive failings, and short comings in my writing, seem somewhat par for the course.* But, I've improved in other areas... such as in my musical expressions, and productions. So not complete success.

But, what's new there? At any rate, I performed and recorded a set of fifteen keyboard sessions over this past weekend, and I'm enjoying these works, listening back to them, and am impressed, as my abilities are really showing forth. Maybe I'll be able to get this show heard and seen later in this week. Anyways, I'm really just enjoying the quiet time with this word processor, this morning... *sorting through some thoughts, and looking at my signs.*

Having a strong spiritual alliance is a full fledged blessing that you won't soon forget. You'll know what I mean, when you're just fully allowed a dreaming, feeling, thinking

spirit... *as she roams through the corridors of your mind, and some topics will be written of, and others will not.* But, this is a very strong alliance. Remember, if you haven't done anything wrong, then there will be a benevolent spiritual presence in your life, a comforter, as a person tends to need an amount of nurturance. This is not too hard to come by. ***Strong intellectual voices, and artistic persons will have learned, just to receive the blessings of spirit, as they are given... somewhat not asking difficult questions, but just receptively being the spirit's fullest vision of who you can be.*** We need to know how

to trust, and to trust God... *he or she will have watched over you many many times through the years, and is your best alliance.* We should remember, to just receive that which we are given, and to try and trust. At any rate. As I myself am at a kind of middle life period, in middle fifties, I'm indeed finding how, 'peace of mind is slippery.' But, just remembering to keep a firm grip, and also how being thoughtful, and kind is always the best strategy. If you're fortunate, you can get through the challenges of this type of aging. The type of artistic dreaming which I myself espouse of, so to speak, is not at all an 'easy,' thing

to do. *With this strongly original voice, and keyboard playing style, I think that my talent is unlike anyone else's in the world.*

This explains why it can be so difficult to start from nothing, as *'fortune is sometimes*

*going to be fickle,'* and one can't win at

every enterprise venture. But, you can

learn to spot failings, as they arise, and to

stay in the clear. At any rate. You can

hear the nature running in the background.

*Maybe you're gathering berries, with a*

*thorn in your side.* Put gloves on. Wear

long sleeves. Weather gets stormy

sometimes. Get back inside. *My eyes are*

*susceptable to sensual failings, and I often*

*fall for illusory attractions.* So I had a hard time coming through my life changes. But good sense eventually won out. Good sense sermons are hard to come by, so, but the times are fraught with strife, and corruption really makes a mess when things 'get real.' You'll have seen too much and gotten hurt, quickly. Innocence is hard to hold unto, when illusion is pulling the other way. *Have you ever seen such robust illusory phenomena? As in the mature professional style? Such that you feel like you're loosing your mind?* At any rate, these have been just a few ideas, and I wrap them up, and add them in with the

others. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit, and try to get some writing done, this fourth Monday in March, this year, I've been impressed, lately, by how the times, for myself, at my age, or stage, whatever it is, seem to be ravaging my mind, at different times in a day... *and this is like a corrosive somewhat acidic white heat, eating away at my mind... gnawing at my*

*sensitive neural structures like a locust eating the crop.* Such reminds me of years ago, when insecurity became my enemy... up began to appear down, black appeared to be white... right, left. I know, this isn't really doing this way, *but on the inside, this is how it feels.* I think that it's an illusory heat, connected to getting older, and that it would quickly dissipate, if shown a soothing human touch, or attention in a gentle manner. But, while it's happening, it seems to eat at my reserve strength like a highly caustic substance. At any rate, I haven't been as impressed with this sort of thing like this, since the first



decade of the century... we're a good ways  
along into the third decade, now, and, this  
makes me fear tidings... *such as bad  
weather.* These are just some random  
thoughts from myself, this late afternoon,  
today, and I'm starting to think that my  
latest musical recordings are somewhat  
stronger than I've ever recorded. *Maybe  
that would explain this delirium.* I'll get  
along past this writing, and I'll try to act  
normally, and conduct my life ordinarily.  
But, a day like today has been, has left me  
somewhat wide eyed. At any rate, these are  
some thoughts. As I try to build this  
article, I'm remembering back to when I

lived in this area twenty years ago, and some of these mental challenges are very similar. *I know that I'll be given to getting out in the back yard, of this place, more and more frequently, as the outside breezes seem to help chase away the inner depression.* It's just that people need warm, inviting, forgiveness of a real home, and although this comes close, it's not quite where you can have full artistic freedom. *But it comes close.* Well, it's almost meal time, as the late afternoon sunn is sinking lower. I'm enjoying my devices and appliances, and I feel good most days at this time... so, but some are challenging as

this one was, what with my new keyboard album. But, it's looking better by now. I'm enjoying hearing the lively conversation from down the hall in the T V room.

Supper will be soon, I tell myself, as I'm hungry. This recording by Hal and Greg sounds as good as the day it was recorded, and not much of my own playing can match it. Our chemistry was great. *At any rate, if you want to solve a vexing problem, you should put time into brainstorming around it.* Any time you want to familiarize yourself with the ins and outs of a given subject, you have to dwell upon it, and really look at it from every angle. Mankind

has had to learn about the higher plains by study, and weighing and comparing different angles on the thing is part of this.

*The contemplation you put into solving a thing, will show you if your present views are right, or if they need updating.* I have wondered how angels in heaven locomote, and get around to different locales.

Perhaps, the heavens allow us to be wherever we wish... if it is within God's will. But I'm sure to keep puzzling over things like this, and using mental constructs, like the notion of a central omniscience, or Aum, which inter connects all minds, living with the afterlife souls, to

deepen my understanding. There is a time space angle, or perspective, which our mortal limitations don't permit us to grasp... however, when we find ourselves to be discretely outside, of the flow of linear time... *we won't completely be able to understand it, but we'll then be on the other side of the veil, and we will see the necessary means to be anywhere at any given time, or everywhere at once.* The interesting part, I think, is the veil itself, which separates the two worlds. *Maybe as alive, we see ourselves as somewhat inside of the fish bowl, and as deceased, we'll be outside of it... or outside of the mechanism*

*which forms our sense of linear time. Only*

we'll be in touch with the Cosmic time spans... stars have life spans measured in millions, even billions of years. I think on the other side, we'll see stars in a whole different way... perhaps as living beings, connected into constellations of meaning and significance, and planets and moons as their children. *I just think that there is much to the sky, which we cannot visually see.* Perhaps there is activity going on all around we people, day and night, only trapped in our own fish bowl as we are, we aren't at all in tune with this rarer and subtler wavelength... which unites all

minds and consciousnesses within one planets domain. *There are extensive structures on the outside, we know there are, and seeing from the outside perspective, we'll be able to see them, and be aware of them.* Maybe, we can join into a wider civilization, as spirit beings, and can make usage of the public transit system, and so on and so forth, which is there for the ascended beings to live with, and by. I hope maybe by this way of thinking, of just suggesting possible questions, and answers, I'll somehow expand my understanding in new ways. I think that I'm going to like the eventual

world to come when my mortal life spans  
are expired. *I'm just going to wait a while,  
and see, for myself.* Well, this article is  
getting along, now, and my thinking is  
slowing down. I'll see about wrapping it  
up, herein and adding it in with the others.

All for now, Greg.

~

Looking beneath the surfaces of my mind,  
this morning, I'll see if there's anything  
which wishes to be written. When there's



nothing in particular on my mind, today,  
and I'm only trying to put some ideas  
together, and see if they make sense, or can  
show me anything new, just from that  
which is within my mind, and my study  
corner, this is good, *but I might stumble  
upon a contemporary issue nevertheless.*

I'll just go ahead with this idea, this of how  
the planet and all life upon it, is a macro  
system... a super system... a giant  
combination of climates, and ecosystems...

Is the entire planet a living being, or a  
super intelligence? People have asked this  
question, through time... the idea of a  
natural intelligence, while maybe a new

idea to some younger people, I think becomes more distinct, and elaborately apparent throughout the world, for the naturalist as he or she peers deeper into nature's societies, and cultures. Everything from the ant hill on the front yard, to the local bird society, and squirill society is made out of ecological fabric, and especially this is seen as societies, or communities of organisims living and working and thriving together as interdependent and cooperative groups, which to an extent, are on similar social subject matter... *food matter, common atmosphere, common water source...* so it

stands to reason that natural communities have their own ways of inter communication, and of signaling one another, and of conversing. Just playfully talking is something, that we tend to think is exclusive to the human species, but I think that this is prevalent in nature, as well. *Doesn't then her society have word of mouth, and name dropping, and arguments, and discussions... the grapevine... the same as ours does?* But, she doesn't have a written out language, or grammar, or a dictionary of terms, or an encyclopedia of facts. *Nature, doesn't have ten digits on the hands, like we do, so*

*she doesn't write, or enscribe on external media, at all, like we do.* So, we can somewhat rule out some things, but many many things, like patterns of raising and teaching the young, are common across communities, I think... the way that animal ways are handed down, is not by giving of books, or reference materials, but by exhibiting behavior, and modeling her ways and just how she treats her young, and how the old are treated, as well... *these patterns are found, to an extent repeating throughout communities, and across whole societies.* So, there's a lot of communication, most likely, between

members of a community. *What about communication between different species?*

I'm not sure, but I think that species tend to stay, and talk, and live together in communities, and generally don't socialize with other species very much. I could be wrong, here. There are issues in the world today, we think, *that somewhat might could be remedied, if we could figure out how to keep from being the 'culprit,' in the nature's eyesight.* This is the reason, I think, that we have the Ecology Protection Agency, *this need to not upset the natural balances in the natural world, with our industries, or ranching, or farming.* Our

automobiles, for instance, have to meet E P A standards, or they won't be on the road for long. To be brief, I think that there are stories about previous civilizations which have used unwise practices, in farming, or industry, for instance, and have fallen by the wayside, and gone extinct. *We of course, today, try to take the lessons of others and learn from them, so that we will endure, and not ruin our own ecology, or spoil our environment, with our waste, excess, and trash, and fumes, and chemical by products.* We've given the E P A powers to say that if a given company isn't up to modern standards, and has a record of

wasting and polluting its environment, it can be shut down, or made to get right and comply. *So, this is the way, we will keep our civilization from becoming outmoded, and extinct.* Our species, to endure, has to learn from the past, and prevent our own demise by protecting our environment, and not exhausting the Earth's natural ecologies, and reserves of natural life, and resources. At any rate, and with you, probably, I feel concern about certain cultural news we've read of in the recent five years... *the worry about virus' and pathogens in general...* We've made a lot of progress by placing government approval

upon certain vaccines, which really reduce the risk of most major respiratory illnesses... *this is something akin to the cure for the common cold.* But there are other pathogens, such as malaria, and cancers, (*I'm not an expert, but I think that cancer is a pretty common cause of mortality in the world today,*) not to mention other illnesses like leprosy, (now known as the 'flesh eating' bacteria, which thrives on the brine in the ocean,) which are nothing new, necessarily, but which apparently come in between us and good health, and many people have called such illnesses 'curses' and 'plagues,' and



sometimes these are thought still today to be indirect consequences of oil and chemical, and radiation leaks into the environment, especially the ocean.

*(Petroleum combustion by products are thought to accumulate in the oceans and other wetland environments, and cause what's thought to be acidity that's blamed for certain bad strains of virus' and bacteria.)* At any rate, you see, I have to write an article like this every once in a while, because I am, as you probably are, too, concerned about the corrosive self blaming which the twenty first century mind is so prone to... *with rampant cases*

*of suicide, and drug overdose now so common, and too too many incidents of firearm violence for us to ignore, we seem to be killing ourselves, as humans... and these statistics are pretty bad. But, they aren't as bad as the mortality rate for cardiac events, which make up the number one cause of death in the U S A, followed, I think by stroke, cancer, and respiratory illness. So, things aren't bad, and I think that if you will do the research, on the internet, you'll find that these figures are close to right. Sometimes it requires statistics analysis to understand how real life usually is. You can easily find*

*mortality facts online, causes and  
statistical likelihood, online.* I hope this  
speaks to your concerns. At any rate, these  
have been a few thoughts, and I'll wrap this  
writing up, now, and add it in with the  
others. All for now, Greg.





